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COVER: After years of shame, alcoholics 80 are facing their complex illness openly

As the stigma of chronic drinking fades, scientists begin to decipher how alcohol ravages the body and the mind. The hunt for genes that predispose certain individuals to the disease is on, and though the development of treatments lags behind research, there is a new message of openness and hope for alcoholics and their families across the nation. See **MEDICINE**.



NATION: The "domestic summit" ends 14 with a fizzle—and a half-baked budget deal

Congress and the White House agree on a shaky deficit-reduction plan that includes tax hikes and spending cuts but few specifics.

► A confidential memo reveals Richard Nixon's discreet mediation between Moscow and Washington. ► Mayor Edward Koch has lost his golden touch in troubled New York City. ► Democratic Candidate Richard Gephardt is a young man in a hurry.



BUSINESS: Shaken by scandals, the U.S. cracks down on technobandits 42

As smugglers continue to ferry America's high-tech secrets from West to East, authorities struggle to fortify an export-control system that is overloaded, underfunded and outdated. ► The crusaders against insider trading score an important victory in the Supreme Court. ► CBS sells its records division, making Sony Springsteen's boss. ► In Mexico, panic pummels the peso.



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World

Thirty people die in London's worst subway fire. ► Yugoslavia teeters on the brink of collapse. ► White South Africa turns "gray."

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Press

Journalists re-examine the rules of fair game, after the A question and then the M question raise the issue of media excess.

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Environment

The use of fertilizer made from radioactive waste has Oklahoma ranchers up in arms. ► Cactus rustlers raid the desert.

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Art

In London "The Age of Chivalry" evokes regret at how much English Gothic art has been lost to history, and delight at what survives.

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Music

After a long hiatus, Band Ringleader Robbie Robertson is back with a new album rooted in American Indian spirituality.

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Video

Is children's TV overloaded with commercials and toy tie-ins? Under pressure from critics, the FCC may set some limits.

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Books

In the season's new cookbooks, the theme is down-home, traditional and old-time, as in "Give me that old-time culinary religion."

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Cinema

In *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*, Steve Martin and John Candy hitch comedy to sentiment. ► Streisand is mixed in *Nuts*.

Cover:
Illustration by
Michael Paraskevas

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEAM

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For years, American bobsledders entered each winter Olympics long on promise but short on performance. In fact, the last time the U.S. won a medal in the sport was 1956. There has been no shortage of excuses. The Americans lacked not only money, but practice time. This was understandable: the U.S. boasts only one bobsled run, located in the Adirondack Mountains surrounding Lake Placid, N.Y. Then there was the complaint that American bobsledding was dominated by a group of Lake Placid buddies who lacked the intense training needed to be serious Olympic contenders.

But all that's changed. "Most of the old soldiers have dropped out of competition," observes Coach Jeff Jost, 39, a two-time Olympian who rode with many of the veterans. The new emphasis on athleticism, according to the U.S. Bobsled Association's Executive Director David Heim, means that for today's bobsledders "the sport has become much more serious."

So serious that if the U.S. picks up one or more medals at the 1988 Calgary Winter Games in February, few will be surprised. For one thing, American-designed sleds are now not only competitive, they may be the fastest in the world. "This time our teams are going to be competitive at the start," predicts Jost. "We'll be right up there. Our



Whipping around a turn at 85mph, driver Matt Roy and teammate Jim Herberich (crouched behind Roy) make a practice run.

drivers can drive with the best of them. We've proven that."

Training style attracts top athletes

While American drivers are among the world's best, the sport involves another essential ingredient: fast pushers to get the sled off and running. European coaches have traditionally turned sprinters and decathletes into pushers—and as a consequence, foreign crews had push times a full half-second faster than American crews.

That, too, is history. The U.S. Bobsled and Skeleton Federation's eight-point entrance standard test for bobsledders—and the search for American college recruits—has turned up team members who are big, strong, and fast. They've been scoring in the high 800s out of a possible 1020, on a course where they must sprint 30, 60 and 100 meters; master five consecutive broad jumps; then switch gears from shot put to high jumps. "We based the test on the Swiss system," says Heim, "and it's designed so that passing it, you're actually training for the bobsled."

So far, the Federation's efforts have attracted a new breed of bobsledder. While some old-timers from the Adirondacks remain on the national team, they've had to pass the same grueling physical test as newcomers like pusher Jim Herberich of Winchester, MA., who holds the 200 and

400 meter record at Harvard; Willie Gault of the Chicago Bears; and Mike Aljoe, a former Oklahoma defensive end who already had experience pushing blockers around while leading the Sooner pass rush at the Orange Bowl. Herberich was picked by driver Matt Roy for the four-man USA-1 sled that won the World Cup title in 1987. According to Roy, the big change in training style of the last four years has attracted a better class of athlete. An upstate New Yorker, Roy says, "No longer are teams selected from just the Lake Placid area."

The switch from football didn't come easily for Aljoe, who crashed on the "ziz zag." Lake Placid's most treacherous turn, during his first year. "The anxiety level is unbelievable," he says of each run down a bobsled course, during which speeds can exceed 90 m.p.h. "For a while after my first crash, I wished I was back in football hitting heads." Instead, he stuck to sledding and now rides with Randy Will, a driver whom Jost believes "has the potential to rocket to the top three U.S. crews."

Driving to win

The Americans use the latest in hi-tech equipment these days, thanks to additional funding from private companies. The extra money also gives bobsledders the means to train all year round, both here and abroad.

In search for the ultimate driving machine, leading U.S. aircraft designers and auto engineers recently teamed up to produce two experimental sleds. Unveiled at a bobsled run in Winterberg, West Germany last month, the two prototypes, which were subjected to numerous wind tunnel tests, have already cut drag by 38% compared to stock sleds. Says Jost, "Our aerodynamics are as good as any." All of which suggests that this Olympic year could give the 12-man U.S. Bobsled Team a lot to celebrate.



With a first place '87 World Cup trophy in their hands, U.S. Bobsledders are ready for the '88 Olympics.

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A Letter from the Publisher

"Once again," said Prime Minister Bob Hawke of Australia, "TIME has scooped its competitors." While other Australian publications had been planning projects to mark the country's 200th birthday, TIME AUSTRALIA was unveiling its lavish special issue ahead of most of the pack. At a ceremony in Melbourne two weeks ago to launch the 128-page commemorative edition, Hawke declared, "In TIME AUSTRALIA, we have an example of an outstandingly successful news venture based on the world's greatest magazine, but already becoming identifiably Australian in character."

Only 16 months earlier, we had replaced our existing Australian edition with TIME AUSTRALIA, a joint venture between Time Inc. and John Fairfax & Sons, one of that country's leading publishers (the Sydney *Morning Herald*, *The Age* in Melbourne). Since then the venture's ten-member, Melbourne-based editorial staff has combined TIME's weekly coverage of world events with added stories about Australian politics, business, social issues and culture. Assessing our progress, Hawke said, "This is already TIME with an Australian accent."

Actually, TIME AUSTRALIA shares the style of our other, New York City-edited editions. The bicentennial issue is loosely mod-



Penberthy and Hawke at the special issue's Melbourne launch

eled on two similar editions produced for the 1976 U.S. bicentenary. Titled *The World of 1788: A Nation Is Born*, the Australian effort is a TIME-like account of life in *Terra Australis* and in the world beginning Jan. 26, 1788, the day the first fleet carrying British convicts landed at Sydney Cove, an event recognized as Australia's birth.

TIME AUSTRALIA Editor Jefferson Penberthy is the man who has given the magazine its distinctive mix of Australian energy and traditional TIME quality. Last May, for example, he assigned

Queensland Correspondent Frank Robson to find out why a number of Aborigines were dying in prisons and jails under mysterious circumstances. At the same time that Robson's cover story ran, a Royal Commission was established to investigate the problem. Last month TIME AUSTRALIA won two of the prestigious W.G. Walkley awards, Australia's highest journalism prizes, for Robson's story and for Photographer David May's cover picture of jailed Aborigines. The prizes and the special issue are, as they say in Australia, real bobby-dazzlers, mates.

Robert L. Miller

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Letters

Leadership Void

To the Editors:

Your article "Who's in Charge?" puts a finger on the character of our President: he is a salesman, all smiles and soothing words [THE CRASH, Nov. 9]. After swigging ole Doc Reagan's magical elixir for seven years, we are beginning to wonder why our national headache of 1980 has become a life-threatening illness in 1987. Snake oil will do that to you.

(The Rev.) Robert Plaisted
Kingfield, Me.



By emphasizing the need for leadership, you are missing the point. Many of us voted for Reagan because he promised less Government. What we do not need is a leader or a bureaucracy that reacts every time the economy flinches. What we do need is media that are more objective and less sensationalistic.

Jerry Adams
Greenfield, N.H.

I feel like a passenger on a ship where the captain and crew are down below having "discussions" and nobody is on the bridge. Stormy seas threaten to capsize us in international economic panic. It is true that cutting the deficit means slashing expenditures and raising taxes, and neither is a vote getter. But do the President and Congress want to face running a bankrupt nation in a bankrupt world?

Peggy Gilbert
Honolulu

You ignore the voters' habit of currently electing a conservative Republican President and liberal Democratic Senators and Congressmen. Conflicting mandates invite a stalemate that results in national drift. Politicians will not lead if the public does not know what it wants.

Claude C. Paquin
Atlanta

Your story on leadership is an exercise in unreflective scaremongering. The stock market is correcting itself, but the

economy is still fundamentally sound, chugging along at 3.8% in GNP growth last quarter. Ronald Reagan's leadership style and free-market principles have left America an economic legacy of high growth, low inflation, rising incomes and expanding job creation. It is a record of tangible accomplishment.

Robert W. Kasten Jr.
U.S. Senator, Wisconsin
Washington

The crash of America's stock market was mostly caused by President Reagan's misleading economic policies. To cut financial deficits he should reduce defense spending, increase personal income taxes and raise levies on gasoline, which would pare back oil imports. But these measures alone are not enough. To restore the nation's competitiveness in the world market, Americans must be willing to save 10% to 12% of their income for future investments. Otherwise the dollar will plunge further, to a critical level.

Yoshitaka Motzumi
Yugawara, Japan

Evidently Walter Isaacson doesn't like the President, as he writes in a *news* summary that Reagan "shouted befuddled Hooverisms" and "doddered" through a press conference (Nov. 2). Actually, in his press conference, the President clearly and logically laid the blame for the deficits on the body that appropriates money. Where else could it be placed? The stock market crashes, and Isaacson concludes that the "Reagan Illusion: the idea that there could be a defense buildup and tax cuts without a price" is over. The President has been saying for years that Congress should stop playing pork-barrel politics and spending money on "demonstration projects" and other inappropriate items. The solution to the deficit problem must not be higher taxes to pay for wasteful habits and share-the-wealth programs. It is not the Reagan Illusion that is over, it is that of Congress.

Walter D. Harris
Westport, Conn.

Deficit Position Defined

In your story on America's budget and trade deficits [THE CRASH, Nov. 2], I am quoted out of context, implying I predicted in 1984 that "deficits are on the way out." In my writings I have reported both congressional and Administration budget forecasts of declining deficits, but I have never made any such forecast myself. Over these years I have advocated spending freezes in order to rebase the budget to the lower than expected growth path of nominal GNP, which resulted from the sudden collapse of inflation in 1982. I have repeatedly stressed that the safest and surest way to reduce the deficit is to have the economy grow faster than the Government's budget. On many occa-

sions I have called attention to the critical link between monetary policy and deficit reduction. If the Government cuts spending and raises taxes while the Federal Reserve slows the economy or throws it into recession, the Government's fiscal actions will have no impact on the budget deficit.

Paul Craig Roberts
Center for Strategic and
International Studies
Washington

Reason for Hope in Haiti

Your article on Haiti, "A Rumbling in the Belly of the Beast" [WORLD, Oct. 19], was disappointing and biased. Both personally and as an official of the Administration, I deplore the violence that remains seemingly endemic in Haiti. But I know of no other observer who has deduced, as your writer Amy Wilentz did, that the "countryside [is] in a state of undeclared civil war."

Completely absent in the article is any recognition that it was the present provisional National Council of Government (CNG) that freed Jean-Claude Duvalier's political prisoners, brought about freedom of the press and oversaw the drafting of and referendum on the new progressive constitution. The CNG has moved the country toward elections and has initiated economic reforms that destroyed the monopolies of the Duvalier henchmen, bringing a 15% decrease in the Consumer Price Index over the past year. While mistakes have been made, the CNG has contributed importantly to laying the groundwork for a new, more democratic Haiti.

Wilentz chooses to praise the Rev. Jean-Bertrand Aristide (a "progressive" clergyman), who spent much of the summer fomenting against the CNG. He has opposed elections and has encouraged his followers to take up arms.

In July, Pope John Paul II appealed for peace and democracy in Haiti. In August, Aristide used a biblical quote to buttress his call for violence. The stark contrast between the Pope and the firebrand Aristide underscores the difference between responsible, constructive effort and strident negativism. I would have expected your magazine to reflect the more objective and balanced approach espoused by the Pope and being sought by the vast majority of the Haitian people, as well as by the CNG.

Elliott Abrams
Assistant Secretary of State
for Inter-American Affairs
Washington

Reluctant Bishops

Now that the Roman Catholic Synod of Bishops in Rome has failed to issue a clear statement on the status of women [RELIGION, Nov. 9], I am once again ambivalent about my church. The role of the laity and the women's issue were discussed by male clerics with somewhat predictable

Letters

results. Can any of these men put up a hand, even a papal hand, and stop the flood? I doubt it. These issues are not going to go away. New eras arrive at new truths.

Marion McRae, O.S.F.
Columbus

The Synod of Bishops may continue to insist on the "dignity of women," but all that means is that Catholic women are sitting in dignity at the back of the bus, as usual. Sad.

Bonny Stanley
Johnson City, Tenn.

Titanic Backwash

As illustrator of Marine Geologist Robert Ballard's new book, *The Discovery of the Titanic*, I studied his team's 1985 and 1986 photographs of the ship in great detail. Ballard had vowed not to disturb the historic site, and indeed the photographs showed he kept his promise. Spokesmen for the largely U.S.-funded French salvage effort last summer assured the world they would not meddle with the hull. However, when I viewed some of the artifacts on television on Oct. 28 [SCIENCE, Nov. 2], my intrigue turned to horror as the latest scenes of the *Titanic* wreck were shown on the screen. Part of the foremast had been crushed flat, its electric lamp wrenched off, while the legendary crow's nest, remarkably intact through 75 years, is now utterly destroyed. What on earth happened?

Ken Marshall
Redondo Beach, Calif.

The French Institute for Research and Development of the Sea responds: "As promised, nothing was taken from the wreck, and nothing was ripped away. The objects that were brought to the surface were found around the wreck and the surrounding field of debris."

Not a Conspirator

While I appreciate TIME's noting my daughter's illness, describing Anne Henderson-Pollard (MILESTONES, Nov. 9) as a "convicted spy" is wrong. Just be sure classified documents are never found in your office or house, or you too may find yourself called a convicted spy. For the record, Anne Henderson-Pollard was not named as a conspirator in her husband's spy operation, nor was she even accused of aiding or abetting her husband.

Bernard R. Henderson
New York City

In March 1987 the Federal District Court in Washington sentenced Henderson-Pollard to five years in prison for being an accessory after the fact to her husband's possession of national defense documents.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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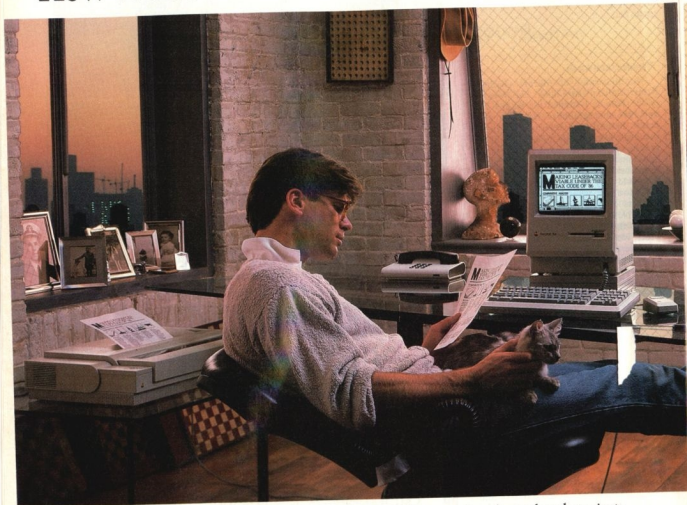
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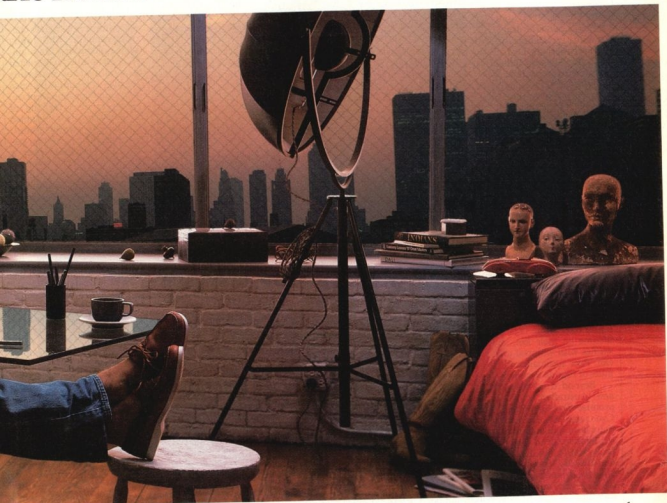
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American Scene

A Separate Reality on I-95

On and on and onward, running north on I-95. Hit the road on Saturday night, gotta be there by Tuesday. No time to dally. The Florida Keys stretch of U.S. 1, a two-lane drag strip, is already behind. Ahead, forever, lies the East Coast of the United States of America. Interstate 95.

After 200 miles, hypnosis sets in, the body rigid, mesmerized by the rhythm of left lane to right lane, right lane to center lane, forward to pass the red Honda, fall back to let the red Honda pass again. Minimum 40 m.p.h., maximum 65 m.p.h. most of the way. Spend the night in a motel sprawled in the wasteland of an interchange construction site, the cavernous lobby enclosing a bleakly misplaced chandelier, as a cave might contain a waterfall briefly sparkling in a flashlight's beam. The room is nasty, a shivering 52° F as the air conditioner roars, its Off button broken. In a pancake house, tired women, Laverne and Rosalie according to their name tags, who have spent a lifetime on their feet, shuffle up to offer waffles with whipped cream fresh from a can. Poor sustenance for the hundreds of miles of Florida to come.

Beyond the long curves of palmetto and Australian pine, huge billboards promise Treasure Coast, Orlando, Cape Canaveral, St. Augustine. But on I-95 there is no sign of habitation. Even the armadillos are dead. The highway flies over Jacksonville and descends in the low salt marshes of Georgia. Savannah, by some gracious concession of the engineers, is only 14 miles away, a snoozing 19th century time capsule. At Mrs. Wilkes' famous boardinghouse, breakfast is served on 13 platters, and a man at the table says he works on the railroad.

"Not," he says, "that there is much of a railroad left." Sneak out of town on a back road, over the river, through the marshes of South Carolina, the old road lined with abandoned "cabins for the night" and empty pickup trucks with hand-lettered signs still promising FRESH PEACHES. Back on I-95 the world narrows down to a river of concrete flowing between canyons of still leaves. Poles above the treetops display a shell, a star, double arches. The semiotics of travel.



Onward and onward, running north from Florida, I-95 in Virginia

On and on the ad hoc caravan rolls. A pair of fuel trucks, a Ryder rent-a-truck with a family in the cab and its Pontiac dragging behind, a double freight truck, half a peripatetic house marked WIDE LOAD (for shallow living) pass and pass again in symbiotic progression. They finally fetch up—without a sign of recognition from the drivers who have traveled for hours more or less together—in the lee of an aptly named roadside restaurant called Huddle. "Lady," snarls the gas-station owner, "don't you ever clean your headlights with a squeegee. Stuff gets in it, and the next guy will scratch his windshield." At another stop, 200 miles farther along on the fast-food chain, a hopeful French tourist inquires, "Où est la salade?" Chérie, here are in the land of American fried here. No salad, no apples, no milk. Just mysterious bundles from some hellish central kitchen, lying sodden beneath the infrared lamps.

Unwrapped, they prove too awful to eat. Just tip them into the bin marked THANK YOU and leave, moving past the plastic chairs roared to plastic tables, the idea apparently being to facilitate hosing the place out, like a stable, during some lonesome midnight hiatus.

Somewhere south of Fredericksburg, Va., exhaustion obliterates caution. Turn off into a mer-

cury-lit nightmare. Motels, shopping strips and truck stops lie scattered on the landscape. Out of the chaos of blinking signs and curbless entrances, a motel's canopy appears. The lobby seems assembled from unfinished lumber constructed to meet a wistful marketing illusion, something between motel and convention place. Members of a meeting of a fellowship for disabled Christians wander about, wearing their names on paper stickers. Hand over a plastic card for a room in which a television set flickers on with MTV and a radio offers spurious opinions on *contras* and condoms. Junk food, junk music, junk opinions. Where are we? Where is the nation beyond the highway? Civilization speaks through the public radio stations in the 90s on the FM dial. Back in North Carolina, somewhere south of High Point, National

Public Radio's *All Things Considered* had come through the car speaker, talking of a book named *Hard Times Cotton Mill Girls*, about life in the mills as people moved into the cities from the sharecropper cabins glimpsed even at that moment, empty and ruined, through the leafy barriers of I-95—a landscape explained. In Maryland, the density and grace of America's true culture slides into the car as a huskily intense jazz deejay celebrates Charlie Parker's birthday.

Late at night a college radio station discourses brilliantly on Rachmaninoff's piano technique. Whole regions, with accents and traditions and communities of their own, come in over the air, echoes of reality in the netherworld of I-95.

From Washington to New York City, new cars join the flow, upscale Volkswagens and BMWs. Turning off to the New Jersey Turnpike, the road becomes a delta, flattening, spreading out, careening and jostling forward at 55 m.p.h. The trucks are shunted off to a side lane and traveling along, nose to tail, bumper to bumper, they look like... yes!... a train! Remember trains? Surely trains were more sensible than this, a 20th century folly, this stampede of steel roaring toward the Lincoln Tunnel.

The best that can be said for it is that it is, in a way, a triumphant synthesis of individualism and collective cooperation. I-95: a sort of Outward Bound for drivers.

—By Jane O'Reilly



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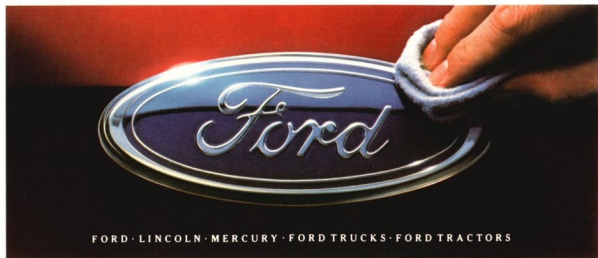
TIME

Americans until recent times haven't paid as much attention to world trade and worldwide competition as some of the nations whose products have now become ubiquitous in this country as well as overseas. The stock market crash should have awakened us to the need to play catch-up. If it does, and if we tame the deficit at the same time, then even Black Monday, like a cloud of any hue, will have a silver lining.

Director of Administration: E

TIME, NOVEMBER 30, 1987

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Turkey and Trimmings

At the last moment, a half-baked deal is cut



Senators Rudman, Gramm and Hollings: their automatic cuts may yet be forestalled

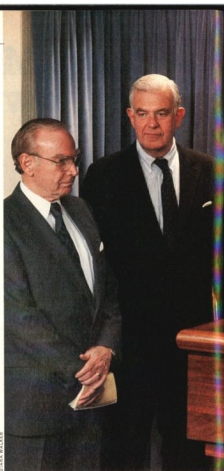
In the dark days after last month's stock-market crash, there was one glimmer of hope: the calamity would shock Washington out of its derelict disregard of the deficit and force some courageous budget decisions on Congress and the White House. With great fanfare and high expectations, a "domestic summit" was convened. President Reagan agreed to drop his reflexive opposition to any taxes. Congressional leaders made so many declarations about the need for co-operation that they began to sound almost sincere. Partisan quarrels would be set aside. Now was the time for bold action.

After four intensive weeks, the talks ended last Friday with a fizzle. Yes, the conferees managed to patch together a shaky agreement, one that purports to reduce the deficit by \$30 billion next year and \$46 billion more the year after. But as the President and congressional leaders announced the plan, a strange air of anticlimax pervaded the White House briefing room. "This agreement is probably not the best deal that could be made," said Reagan, "but it is a good, solid beginning." House Speaker Jim Wright struck a conciliatory note: "Everybody gives some, nobody gets everything he wants." Later New Mexico's Pete Domenici, a seasoned veteran of the Reagan era's most bruising budget battles, fairly sighed with resignation: "What we have done is what can be done."

Almost as significant, however, was what was not done. The spending cuts were actually far less than those mandated by the automatic Gramm-Rudman-Hollings ax, which was temporarily activated last Friday pending enactment of the new compromise. Some of the other savings came from selling off federal assets and various financial sleights of hand. And the summeiteers squandered a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity—a major financial crisis during a nonelection year—to confront the biggest sacred cow of all: Social Security. Few dared even to whisper those words.

The summeiteers instead proposed tax increases of \$9 billion for fiscal 1988, which began Oct. 1, and \$14 billion for the following year. The compromise calls for a \$5 billion cut from the defense budget in the current fiscal year, \$8.2 billion more in 1989. Medicare, farm price supports and student loans would be trimmed by \$4 billion this year and nearly \$6 billion next year. But there was little in the way of specifics. The conferees did not spell out where the new tax burden was going to fall. Nor did they decide which nondefense discretionary programs were going to lose \$6 billion over the next two years. Congressional leaders will have to deal with the devil in those details.

A good many lawmakers were left cold by the compromise. Liberal Democrats complained that the Pentagon re-



"This agreement is probably not the best deal that

ductions were not deep enough (they are less than half of what they would be under Gramm-Rudman). Republicans griped that the package relied too much on taxes. Several critics said the \$30.2 billion in estimated savings for fiscal 1988 will hardly make a dent in the deficit for that year, which Congress projects will be \$179.9 billion. Senator Bob Packwood, an Oregon Republican, called the budget package a "miserable little pittance." Congressman Newt Gingrich was even more acerbic in his appraisal. "It's a perfect summit deal for Thanksgiving vacation," said the Georgia Republican. "These leaders labored and produced the largest turkey of them all."

Most politicians, however, were relieved simply by the fact that an agreement had been reached at all. As late as Thursday night, the negotiations seemed doomed. House Republicans, angered by the new taxes in the package, were threatening to oppose the deal. Democrats said they would not approve the compromise without G.O.P. support. Said House Budget Committee Chairman William Gray: "I'm not going to ask Democrats to jump off a cliff while Republicans wave at us."

But a failure to forge a compromise would have been a major signal of total impotence in Washington's corridors of power. Indeed, symbolism was the order of the day: showing the jittery financial community that Washington could take



could be made." The President and congressional leaders announce the accord at the White House

action was just as important as coming up with a viable package of taxes and budget trimmings.

Even after the summiters emerged with their compromise on Friday afternoon, the President proceeded to trigger the \$23 billion of across-the-board cuts required by Gramm-Rudman. Congress, however, has until mid-December to incorporate the new deal into law before the full weight of the Gramm-Rudman ax falls. Thus congressional leaders will be forced to iron out swiftly the details of the summit compromise and to muster the votes for the requisite tax hikes and spending reductions.

Throughout the week, the stock market bobbed skittishly as Wall Street tried to gauge the progress of the budget negotiations. When it looked as if the talks were going to break down on Thursday, the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted nearly 44 points. The following morning, the market opened down an additional 33 points. But after the summiters agreed on a plan, the Dow closed up 18 points. Said Reagan at the press conference announcing the compromise: "Today we're sending the right message at the right time."

Perhaps. While the market may have been buoyed by the settlement, losers still outnumbered gainers on the New York Stock Exchange last Friday, and the Dow was only 10% above its Oct. 19 abyss. Many Wall Streeters regarded the budget

plan as too little too late. "We would have been better off if the talks hadn't even happened," declared John Paulus, a managing director and chief economist at Morgan Stanley. "The difficulty in reaching an agreement shows a lack of determination, a lack of discipline and a lack of leadership in Washington." Steven Einhorn, portfolio strategist at Goldman Sachs, was equally unimpressed. "They went down to the wire, then delivered what the market expected anyway," said Einhorn. "Washington took four weeks to make cuts, and we aren't even sure if the cuts are good ones. About all you can say is 'Thank God they could negotiate something.'"

Participants cited several reasons for the summit's tortured negotiations and uninspired outcome. Among the key factors:

- The sessions were usually formless discussions among the 19 summiters. They tried to decide matters by consensus. "It was like a meeting of Quakers," said Congressman Pat Williams, a Montana Democrat. "There were no votes down there. We just talked until we agreed. If people had good exceptions to proposals, then they weren't agreed to."

- The Administration persistently refused to give ground on defense-spending cuts. The Republicans opened the bidding by offering Pentagon reductions totaling \$4 billion. The Democrats countered with

THE DEAL

FY 1988 (and FY 1989)
In billions of dollars

CUTS

Defense: \$5 (\$8.2)

Nondefense: \$2.6 (\$3.4)

Entitlements: \$4 (\$6)

Includes Medicare, crop supports and others

Delayed

federal raises: \$0 (\$2.4)

Social Security: \$0 (\$0)

REVENUES

Taxes: \$9 (\$14)

IRS compliance: \$1.6 (\$2.9)

Additional savings: \$8 (\$9)

Includes debt-service savings, asset sales, user fees

TOTAL DEFICIT REDUCTION:

\$30.2 (\$45.9)

a suggestion for a \$6.3 billion cut. At one point, a compromise of around \$5.3 billion was in the works. But the final figure was closer to Reagan's liking: \$4.9 billion. "We were constantly fighting over the defense numbers," said one participant. "Every inch was a battle." Many Democratic summiters were annoyed that the new Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci sat in on many of the early sessions, looking out for the Pentagon's interests.

- The conferees resorted to some dubious accounting tricks to reach their \$30 billion goal. Consider the truth-in-pizza labeling plan. Under this provision, manufacturers of frozen pizzas will be required to inform consumers whether their pies are made with real cheese. The designers of the plan expect that pizzamakers who use ersatz products will be forced to switch to the real thing. The result will be an increase in the demand for cheese. The Federal Government, in turn, will have to buy back less cheese from dairy farmers. Estimated budget savings of this cheesy scheme: \$29 million over three years.

Perhaps the greatest failure of the summiters was their unwillingness to deal with the major entitlement and Government pension programs, such as Social Security, which accounts for 20% of federal outlays. Various ideas were floated, including setting a limit on cost of living adjustments, delaying them for a few months or taxing Social Security benefits

Nation

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

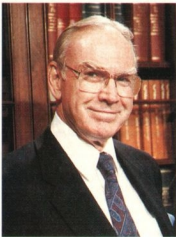
The Speaker's Itch for Power

There is nothing wrong with House Speaker Jim Wright that being President of the United States would not cure.

He has an understandable power itch, which provoked him to jump into the Nicaraguan peace negotiations, where he should not have been. Then last week he stepped out in front of his own colleagues a bit in his eagerness to announce that Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev would appear before a joint session of Congress in December. A Communist leader, by pedigree a determined foe of democracy, has never appeared in the sacred well of the House, and a goodly number of members from both parties have doubts about Gorbachev, *glasnost* or not.

What drives Wright, just as it drove his notable mentor, Lyndon Johnson, is the natural desire to be the most powerful Democrat in the capital. Since his party controls the Congress, he can, with adroit maneuvering, often play President, and then, who knows? As it did for L.B.J., history might propel him toward the Oval Office, a development that Wright would at least view with interest.

But for the moment, Wright's position in Washington is saturated with acid. Since he became Speaker a year ago, he has unwisely poured out his contempt for Ronald Reagan in dozens of not-so-private gatherings around town. Wright has called the President a "liar" and worse. White House aides, no strangers to bile, whispered again last week, "Jim Wright is a mean-spirited snake-oil salesman, and nobody wants to deal with him." On the Nicaraguan flap, Wright and Secretary of State George Shultz grandly staged their own truce negotiations, but that hardly dispels what one Congressman calls a "reservoir of bitterness" against the Speaker. Some of that is normal in the election season, but it seemed to go beyond all bounds last week when Georgia's Newt Gingrich stormed through Florida calling Wright a "genuinely corrupt man" and comparing



Wright: playing President

him to Mussolini. Even given Gingrich's right-wing fervor, that is startling stuff.

It is not startling that Wright has developed disdain for Reagan. Most congressional leaders in the opposition party, so immersed in the mechanics of legislation and so convinced of their own virtue, find Presidents, who sit at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, to be woefully ignorant and out of touch. A little contact always seems to prove the point. Three decades ago, when Dwight Eisenhower was ending his two terms, Johnson, the Senate's majority leader, flared up just like Wright after visits to the White House, though Johnson was far more cautious about who heard him. "That man does not deserve to be President," L.B.J. roared one night back in his Capitol office, even after Ike had poured him a generous portion of Scotch and soda. Poor old Ike, Johnson recounted, did not know where legislative bills were in Congress or even what was in them.

Wright has legitimately been provoked by White House confusion and reluctance to consult with Congress. But the Speaker's reclusive nature and mercurial personality have alarmed even some in his own party. There is coolness between him and the powerful Ways and Means chairman, Danny Rostenkowski. Wright's pressure on younger Democrats to change votes on partisan maneuvers has left them muttering. It may be that Reagan's Nicaraguan policy is all wrong, but Wright should not be dealing with foreign powers or giving the perception that he is. His job is to run the House, which is not going so well right now.

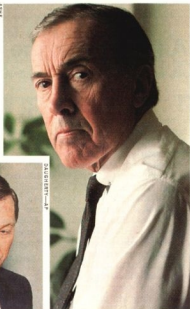
No power in Washington is absolute. Not so many years ago, when House Republican Leader Charlie Halleck, known as the "gut fighter," became an embarrassment, some young bucks got together and tossed him out. Jerry Ford took his job.

for wealthy recipients. Peter Peterson, a former Commerce Secretary and one-time head of the old Lehman Bros. Kuhn Loeb investment house, said that by limiting Social Security COLAs to 2%, the summeers could have saved the Government \$150 billion by the year 2000. "It would have meant \$3 a week less" for Social Security recipients, said Peterson. "I don't believe that millions of nonpoor elderly, with pensions and all the other things, would have objected to that difference." But Ronald Reagan set the tone at the outset by announcing that everything except Social Security would be on the table. "When we talk about it in those meetings, we don't say 'Social Security,'" Senator Robert Dole told reporters. "We say 'the unmentionable.'"

The political queasiness over Social Security was one of the few things that were truly bipartisan. "Ninety percent of us think something's got to be done," said one participant. "But nobody wanted to get mowed down first." Finally California Democratic Congressman Leon Panetta last week presented a proposal that included a three-month freeze on COLAs for all Government pensions and Social Security recipients. Though Senate Republicans liked the idea, their Democratic colleagues balked. "There was no stomach among Democrats for cutting Social Security," said an aide. "The view was 'It looks easy, but it's bad policy and bad politics.'"

Not that the Republicans were particularly eager to risk alienating elderly voters. One G.O.P. congressman recalled the "brutal, bloody beating" House Republicans suffered after then Speaker Tip O'Neill publicly blamed them for agreeing to slash Social Security benefits in 1981. The G.O.P. subsequently lost 26 seats in the '82 election. Congressman Gingrich pointed out that in 1985 Republican Senators went out on a limb and supported a COLA freeze. The following year, the G.O.P. lost control of the Senate. This time around, they were not taking any chances. Said Republican Congresswoman Lynn Martin of Illinois: "We're dumb, but we're not stupid."

If Congress passes the new package, Washington will probably avoid any further action on the deficit until after the 1988 election. But the summeers' unwillingness to confront the sacred cows, and their lack of gumption by relying on certain ephemeral cuts, could come back to haunt them—perhaps in the form of a continued financial crisis. Blame for this failure of political will belongs not just to the Administration and not just to Congress. As long as the American public makes it politically suicidal to restrain the growth of entitlements or to touch favorite spending programs or to raise the taxes necessary to pay for them, then its leaders are likely to remain no more than feckless followers. —By Jacob V. Lamar Jr., Reported by Michael Duffy and Richard Hornik, Washington



Here Comes the Prosecutor

Now it is Walsh's turn

When the brown, 690-page congressional report on the Iran-contras fiasco finally thumped onto desks in Washington last week, one of the officials most keenly interested in the scandal vowed not to pick it up. Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh cannot use any testimony that witnesses gave to the House and Senate committees under grants of immunity. Walsh and his staff of 28 lawyers, 20 FBI agents and six IRS investigators must build their own criminal cases against any lawbreakers. Nonetheless, the tightly reasoned, judiciously stated majority report, signed by all of the committees' 15 Democrats as well as by three Republican Senators, contains ample reasons why Walsh and his crew are likely to push hard for indictments of several participants in the Iran-contras affair.

In one of the report's most notable conclusions, the bipartisan majority declares flatly that the profits generated by the sale of U.S. arms to Iran were the rightful property of the Federal Government, not of the so-called enterprise operated by retired Major General Richard Secord and his Iranian-born partner, Albert Hakim. Diverting those profits to the Nicaraguan contras "constituted a misappropriation of government funds," the report claims. If Walsh and a federal grand jury concur, Secord and Hakim may face indictments. So, too, may former National Security Adviser John Poindexter, who approved the diversion, and former-NSC Staffer Oliver North, who directed the enterprise.

Secord and Hakim benefited more from the arms sales than the contras did, according to the report. Of the \$16 million in Iran arms profits, the contras received just \$3.8 million. Secord, who testified that he sold weapons to the contras with a profit markup of 20%, actually took profits that averaged 38% and sometimes reached 56%. When Contra Leader Adolfo Calero discovered he could buy weapons far more cheaply through a European arms dealer, North made sure that none of the Iran arms proceeds went directly to Calero. Instead they went to Secord, who contin-



The Iran-contras committees have finished, and the focus of the scandal shifts to Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh, far right. Among those criticized in the congressional report who are also under Walsh's scrutiny are Poindexter, North, Secord, Hakim and Carl Channell

ued to sell to Calero at inflated prices.

Similarly, the report relates how the private fund raisers Carl Channell and Richard Miller collected some \$10 million for contra support but spent only \$4.5 million on the rebel forces. The rest of the money went into lavish offices, fancy limousines and high salaries. The two have pleaded guilty to tax fraud for claiming that their operations were entitled to an IRS exemption.

Walsh has been presenting witnesses to a grand jury at a stepped-up pace of three times a week. One of the witnesses last week was Attorney General Edwin Meese, who is sharply criticized in the report for failing to seek advice before telling the President that he could legally sell arms to Iran without informing Congress. Meese testified that he relied on an opinion written in 1981 by former Attorney General William French Smith. But the report points out that Smith had advised that Congress would have to be notified once arms shipments were under way. Said the report: "There is only one reason to have an attorney general on the NSC: to give the President independent and sound advice. That did not happen in the Iran affair and the President was poorly served."

Meese is also accused of "departing from standard investigative techniques" in quizzing other Administration officials about how the arms-for-hostages deals had begun. At first Meese's aides accompanied him and took careful notes. But once the investigators discovered the celebrated memo in North's files that called attention to the diversion of funds to the contras, Meese went alone to interview Poindexter, former National Security Ad-

viser Robert McFarlane and then CIA Director William Casey. He took no notes.

Despite the Administration's claim that it was dealing with "moderates" in Iran, the report reveals that some U.S. arms went directly to the Revolutionary Guards, Iran's most radical faction. And when North and Poindexter tried to open a "second channel," they wound up dealing with some of the same principals. One of the Iranians may have helped plan the kidnap-murder of William Buckley, the CIA operative in Lebanon whose capture especially angered Reagan and Casey.

As expected, the majority report is severe on Reagan, charging that he failed to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." That falls short of accusing him of an impeachable offense. While taking no stand on whether the President did or did not know about the diversion, the report contends, "If the President did not know what his national security advisers were doing, he should have."

A minority report, signed by all six House Republicans and Republican Senators Orrin Hatch and James McClure, insists that the majority's conclusions were "hysterical" and that the President and his staff made "mistakes in judgment, and nothing more." Republican Senator Warren Rudman, who agreed with the majority, dismissed the highly partisan minority paper as "pathetic." Indeed, the profiteering, shredding of documents and widespread lying, and a secret policy that eroded the President's credibility while accomplishing none of its objectives, clearly was something more than a mere matter of poor judgment.

—By Ed Magnuson.
Reported by Hays Gorey and Elaine Shannon/
Washington

Advice from the Third Man

How Nixon mediated between Reagan and Gorbachev

The two leaders who are planning to meet in Washington next month are already one of the great odd couples of history: Ronald Reagan, the septuagenarian American conservative with his high-noon view of the superpower competition, and Mikhail Gorbachev, the youthful Soviet reformer with his reassuring slogans about "new thinking" and "mutual security." If, as both hope, they hold a fourth summit before Reagan leaves office, perhaps in Moscow, they will have met more often than any of their predecessors. And if the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty that they are about to sign leads to a strategic arms agreement next year, their relationship will have proved far more productive than anyone anticipated.

One little-known feature of their relationship has been the quiet mediation of a third man, the past master of summitry, Richard Nixon. The former President has taken it on himself to explain Reagan and Gorbachev to each other, coaxing them toward accommodation where possible. Nixon has found an attentive hearing in the White House and the Kremlin alike.

TIME has obtained a confidential memorandum that Nixon sent to Reagan in July 1986 after a session with Gorbachev in Moscow. The 26-page document captures the essence of Nixon's exercise in discreet diplomacy. It shows him trying to persuade Gorbachev that he can do business with Reagan precisely because Reagan is a conservative. And then, in reporting on the meeting, it shows him trying to persuade the President that he should seek a major strategic arms deal, which Nixon implied could be achieved with only minor concessions on Reagan's cherished Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), the Star Wars antimissile program.

Nixon wrote the memo when Reagan and Gorbachev were both riding high. Anatoly Dobrynin, the longtime Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., whom Gorbachev had recalled to Moscow, told Nixon that Gorbachev was "politically very strong, and President Reagan should seize the opportunity to deal with him." Nixon's memo implicitly endorsed Dobrynin's advice. Nixon said he found Gorbachev in person to be "either the greatest actor the political world has produced or... a man totally in charge with the power and ability to chart his own course."

Nixon's depiction of Reagan to Gorbachev was similar. The former President told the Soviet leader that Reagan was "enormously popular, with the highest public approval rating of any President in his second term." Therefore Reagan, unlike Jimmy Carter, "could get Senate approval of any agreement he made." Moreover, Nixon continued, "I told [Gorbachev] that after President Reagan left office, he would be enormously popular and would have great influence on public issues due to his incomparable communication skills. It was, therefore,



Half the equation: with Dobrynin and Gorbachev in Moscow
Using flattery and grit to bring both sides to the table.

very much in Gorbachev's interest that President Reagan have a stake in a new, improved U.S.-Soviet relationship which he would have initiated. This would ensure that he would strongly support his successor's efforts to carry out the Reagan initiatives. On the other hand, failure to reach agreement while President Reagan is in office might run the risk of developing a situation where President Reagan might become a powerful critic." Gorbachev seemed impressed. "I don't believe anything I said during the conversation had a greater impact on him," wrote Nixon.

For Nixon and Gorbachev, SDI was "the only major substantive issue we discussed." Nixon's memo summarized Gorbachev's forceful objections to the program in a way that seemed calculated to make it difficult for Reagan to dismiss them as unreasonable.

According to Nixon, Gorbachev "said

it was simply a myth that the Soviet Union opposed SDI because they feared the enormous cost to their economy. He went on to say that his opposition to SDI was not based on his fear of its [offensive] military potential or of our technological edge. He said, 'We have our own space defense program and our research is making progress in different ways than yours is. In any event,' he added, 'we will be able to evade and overcome any SDI system that the U.S. might eventually deploy.'"

"His major objection to SDI," Nixon wrote, was "because he believed that if SDI went forward there would be a massive spiral in the arms race." Once again, Nixon's memo implied that he agreed with Gorbachev, and he urged Reagan to consider a strategic arms deal that would protect the U.S.'s right to continue "purposeful research" in SDI while trading restrictions on deployment for reductions in Soviet missiles.

The memo also contained a number of personalized grace notes that could only have been flattering to Reagan—and therefore might have made him more receptive to Nixon's advice that he should deal with Gorbachev: "I sensed that Gorbachev's attitude toward the President and the First Lady was one of genuine affection. His last words to me as I was leaving his office in the Kremlin were, 'Give my warmest regards to President Reagan and to Lady Nancy.'"

But the hard edge returned when Nixon compared Gorbachev with two other Soviet leaders he had dealt with: "Unlike [Nikita] Khrushchev, he has no inferiority complex. He is totally confident, in command, and secure... Gorbachev is as tough as [Leonid]

Brezhnev but better educated, more skillful, more subtle... Brezhnev used a meat axe in his negotiations. Gorbachev uses a stiletto. But beneath the velvet glove he always wears there is a steel fist."

The memo concludes with a pungent reminder—to Reagan and to history—that Richard Nixon, while priding himself on his pragmatism and statesmanship, yields to no one in his basic distrust of all Soviets, including Gorbachev. "He is the most affable of all the Soviet leaders I have met, but at the same time without question the most formidable because his goals are the same as theirs and he will be more effective in attempting to achieve them," Nixon wrote. "What we must always bear in mind in dealing with the Soviets is that while lying is an accepted practice in the art of diplomacy, there is a difference where the Communists are concerned. They believe their lies."

—By Strobe Talbott/Washington

Announcing the most dramatic development in home dental care since the invention of the toothbrush.

Since early man invented the first toothbrush, the technique for using it has remained just as primitive. So primitive that even today, 9 out of 10 Americans end up with some form of gum disease. The problem, historically, has been how to remove plaque. The solution now comes in the form of a technological breakthrough called the INTERPLAK Home Plaque Removal Instrument.

The INTERPLAK instrument cleans teeth virtually plaque-free.

Plaque is the real villain in oral hygiene. If not removed daily, its bacterial film can lead to early gum disease and tooth decay. But clinical studies have shown that manual brushing removes only some of the plaque buildup. Those same studies, on the other hand, show the INTERPLAK device cleans teeth and gums virtually plaque-free.

How the INTERPLAK instrument cleans circles around ordinary brushing.

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Dental professionals approve.

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Removal Instrument.

"I am recommending the INTERPLAK Home Plaque Removal Instrument to all my patients."—Dr. L. K. Yorn, Cedar Grove, NJ

"At last, my patients enjoy using a product we recommend."—Dr. J.W. Blackman, III, Winston-Salem, NC

"Since my patients have been using the INTERPLAK instrument, I have seen a dramatic improvement in the health of their teeth and gums."—Dr. S.G. Newhart, Orthodontist, Beverly Hills, CA

"The INTERPLAK Home Plaque Removal Instrument is a technical breakthrough in home dental care."—Dr. Alan Kushner, Chicago, IL

Ask your own dentist about the benefits of using the INTERPLAK instrument.

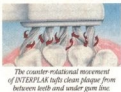
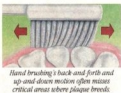
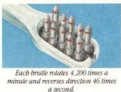
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The INTERPLAK instrument is also cordless, recharging between uses in its own stand.

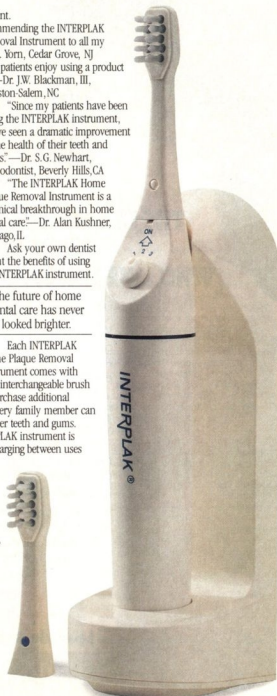
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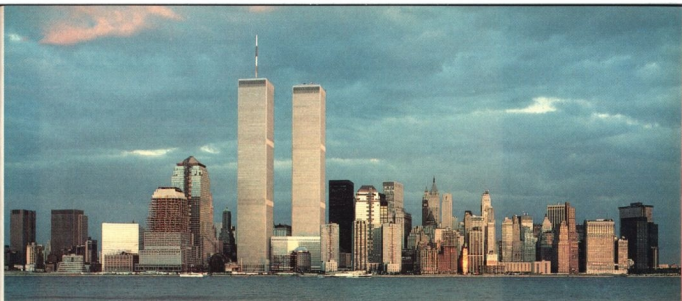
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The city's geometry is energizing, the shops tantalizing. So what if it is increasingly crowded, overbuilt and unworkable?

BERENHOLTZ—THE STOCK MARKET

Troubled Times for Hizzoner

Mayor Ed Koch has lost his touch in turbulent New York City

"How'm I doin'?" he used to shout, cocksure that the crowds would reply on cue with the adulation he felt he deserved. Ed Koch was more than merely the mayor of New York City; he was the embodiment of the shining Big Apple: volatile and voluble, fast with a quip or a put-down, an ebullient practitioner of dukes-up chutzpah who liked to march at the head of every parade.

Koch rarely asks that question anymore. Midway through the third term he won in 1985 with a 76% landslide, the mayor appears battered and snappish as he struggles to maintain his uncertain hold on a turbulent and troubled city. Like Ronald Reagan, Koch is a master showman who finds that he can no longer dazzle his audience. His woes are such that when he was asked to lead a delegation this month to observe progress toward peace in Nicaragua, it offered a pleasant change from New York City.

Until recently New York was a showpiece of urban success, and Koch was credited with leading the city back from the brink of bankruptcy in the mid-1970s to new heights of prosperity. The jobs created during his ten years as mayor led to a record 3.6 million workers in the city. Manhattan reasserted itself as the dazzling hub of finance and the arts. Even Pope John Paul II gee-whizzed that New York was the "capital of the world."

So what if critics complained that the city was increasingly crowded, dirty, overbuilt and unworkable? Koch could ignore them—until two years ago, when disclosures of widespread corruption revealed that his administration was beset by the same complacency and cronyism that the mayor had denounced in his pre-

decessors. Other problems festered. Black residents grew outraged at the New York City police, accusing them of the unwarranted shooting of blacks, including a 66-year-old woman killed as she was being evicted from her apartment. When three blacks were brutally assaulted by a gang of whites in Howard Beach, Queens, last December, the case became a symbol of New York's mounting racial troubles.

Then on Oct. 19 came the worst blow of all. The stock market collapsed, threatening to turn the city's golden economy to dross. Koch's miracle recovery had been built on the financial and business-service industries. Samuel Ehrenhalt, regional commissioner of labor statistics, puts the number of new jobs in the Koch era at 400,000. Openings on Wall Street more

than doubled, while New York's traditional manufacturing base was allowed to fade. Now if Wall Street has caught cold, the city may come down with pneumonia. Economist Matthew Drennan of New York University's Graduate School of Public Administration projects that without a market turnaround, 28,000 jobs will be lost in the securities industry and 7,000 in banking, wiping out an equal number, 35,000, in restaurants, retailing, real estate, hotels and support services.

Koch reacted instantly to the crash by freezing the planned hiring of 5,200 new workers and postponing raises for 4,000 management jobs. As a result of his reasuring actions, the city's bond rating was upgraded last week to its highest level since the 1975 financial crisis. Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn, head of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, which oversees the city's finances, praised the belt tightening as a "good first step," but warned that "New York faces the potential of a very difficult period."

The gathering gloom may not be apparent to the expected 17.5 million visitors to New York this year. The city's jangling geometry is still energizing, the shops tantalizing, the street life mesmerizing. But New York is like the wedding cake in a bakery window; an exquisite excess of spun sugar covering a cardboard core. Beneath Manhattan's sheen is the New York of endemic corruption, failing schools, and racial tensions, a polarized city of 7.3 million where the megarich in stretch limousines look away from the 1.8 million living in poverty, more than 50,000 of them homeless. The city that prides itself on being the cutting edge of the future watches as corporations, prom-



The master showman no longer dazzles

The honeymoon lasted two terms.

ART: RICHARD W. STREIBER

Nation

ising artists and middle-class families flee its staggering costs and the country's highest taxes, while developers stack ever taller luxury condominiums in already overcrowded neighborhoods.

Koch has been accused of basking in the spotlight while ignoring what goes on in the city's darker corners. He has been wounded most of all by unending investigations and indictments of members of his administration for bribery, perjury, extortion, skimming and conspiracy. City workers from top leaders down to parking-meter attendants and sewer inspectors, along with judges, Congressmen and state legislators, have been found guilty. U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, the Republicans' white knight, claims more than 150 convictions by his office alone. Some targets were Koch's closest friends—notably Donald Manes, president of the bor-

that he didn't know what was going on. Ed Koch cannot run again."

Critics accuse Koch of giving away the government to political bosses and giving away Manhattan to developers. Koch has coddled builders with tax breaks while their towering, ego-driven projects block out the sun, overload already groaning services and paralyze traffic. Celebrities like Jacqueline Onassis, Henry Kissinger and Paul Newman have joined hundreds of West Side residents in protests against skyscrapers proposed by Builders Donald Trump and Mortimer Zuckerman. Bowing to public pressure, Zuckerman has offered to scale down his 68-story tower, which would cast shadows across Central Park. NBC has backed away from Trump's proposed Television City, probably killing his dream for the world's tallest building: 150 stories that

Families are forced by costs to move out of New York. Ultimately, says Sternlieb, "they take their jobs with them. Eventually the boss says, 'Why pay premium wages to people to commute? I can put together a better work force in the suburbs.'"

Astronomical real estate costs have already led to an exodus from Manhattan by the "back offices" of financial-service companies, as well as some corporation headquarters. So many companies have been lured across the Hudson to New Jersey that Koch, with characteristic moxie, posed for an ad showing him sealing off the Lincoln Tunnel. "The rats are leaving," he growled recently, unwittingly casting his city in the role of sinking ship.

The exodus will accelerate as companies realize they cannot resupply their work force with the products of city schools. While corporations are demand-



Wall Street led the recovery, but now 35,000 jobs are at risk



A quarter of the city lives in poverty, and 50,000 are homeless

ough of Queens, who killed himself last year as the net tightened around him, and Cultural Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson, Koch's ever present companion during his first race for mayor in 1977. The former Miss America faces trial for bribing a judge to reduce the divorce settlement of her lover Carl Capasso, a rich sewer contractor now serving four years in prison for income tax evasion.

Koch has declared himself "chagrined and mortified that this kind of corruption could exist and I did not know of it." His ignorance may have been willful: during his first campaign for mayor, Koch, running as a reformer, secretly solicited the support of Meade Esposito, Brooklyn's powerful Democratic boss. Then, as mayor, Koch appointed Esposito's pal Anthony Ameruso as transportation commissioner, even though an advisory board had declared Ameruso unqualified. The transportation department went on to become the source of major scandals, Ameruso has been convicted of perjury, Esposito of corruption in a separate case. The mayor, says a critical politician, "can no longer claim

would throw morning gloom across the Hudson River into New Jersey.

Author Robert A. Caro, whose book on the legendary city planner Robert Moses was a Pulitzer-prizewinning study of the exercise of urban power, decries Koch's lack of vision. "The physical transformation of a city changes it for generations, for centuries. I see a city being cemented into place against the sky—a city of monstrous buildings, with a disregard for human scale, human values. Koch is building a big city, not a great one. The Koch administration, I fear, will go down in history surrounded by shadows, the shadow of corruption and the shadows cast by enormous buildings."

While developers have been eager to build upscale offices renting for as much as \$50 per sq. ft., the city suffers from a brutal shortage of moderate and low-cost housing. "The big weakness—and real danger—to the city is the failure to provide housing," says George Sternlieb, founder of the Center for Urban Policy Research at Rutgers University.

ing more literate, computer-sophisticated workers, New York's 940,000 public school students are afflicted by a one-third dropout rate. The blue-ribbon Commission on the Year 2000, which studied New York's needs, has called the public schools a "deteriorated system that fails to equip a shockingly large proportion of the students who enter it for the world in which they will live."

The failure of the schools augurs a worsening of the present statistics: a quarter of the city's population lives below the poverty line (\$10,989 for a family of four), and 14% are on welfare (compared with 6.2% nationally). Jobs are going begging—but the jobless lack even rudimentary skills. "It is the grimness of poverty that troubles us more than any other problem," declared the commission.

Demographically, the city grows ever more polarized as the middle-class buffer is driven out. Raymond Horton, a Columbia University professor of business who heads the watchdog Citizens Budget Commission, fears outright conflict between rich and poor. "This city is a dense-

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In Place of Giants and Ogres

Whatever Cuomo is doing, it sure looks like fun

Those in the fray, it must be disconcerting to have Mario Cuomo on the sidelines doing his little fan dance: flirting, then playing coy, teasing, acting shy, then showing a bit more thigh. At the very least, it distracts attention and diminishes the stature of those on the field. But none of the declared candidates dare complain as they troop to the New York Governor's issues forums and hope for his blessing. "We need the presence of the most articulate spokesman for our party out on the hustings," Senator Paul Simon graciously declared at one of the forums last week. And when rumors began circulating that Democratic Party Chairman Paul Kirk had asked Cuomo to issue a Sherman-esque disclaimer saying he would not accept a draft, both men scurried to deny the stories.

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Is that destiny calling?

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CAMPAIGN PORTRAIT

Young Man In a Hurry

Dick Gephardt chases a boyhood dream



The young politician was poised. He had spent three years making friends, holding important lower offices, erecting sturdy coalitions with a wide range of key political operatives. His platform, dubbed a "blueprint for action," promised "creative long-term leadership" and was full of ideas that evoked his "pragmatic vision." He was popular, handsome and articulate. No one was surprised when, in April 1961, campus voters made Richard Andrew Gephardt student-body president of Northwestern University by a 2-to-1 margin.

Twenty-six years later the young candidate again claims to be ready. At 46, Gephardt is a driven politician who has maneuvered from obscurity in Congress to the top rank of the 1988 Democratic pack. Serious and smiling, able and ambitious, he has long had his eye on the prize, rarely missing a chance to advance to the highest office in sight. He is, at his core, the student-body president who turned pro.

With three years of national campaigning under his belt, Gephardt is a practiced and polished performer, doggedly crisscrossing the country, prescribing tougher trade policies and heavier doses of education to bolster "human capacity" as cures for an ailing America. His stump speech is a stark sweet-and-sour concoction that warns audiences of inevitable economic decline because of surging foreign competition, yet promises a revitalized America. "I worry about an America where dreams don't come true," he tells Democrats in his earnest style. "Our country has sunk to a low, but we can make it great again."

The wave of economic anxiety that swept the country after the stock-market crash should have offered Gephardt a receptive audience for his message: he had staked his claim as the candidate most concerned about economic complacency and most alarmed about the nation's slow loss of its competitive edge. But though he remains among the top tier of Democrats, he has had trouble capitalizing on the crisis or convincing undecided voters that he has the heft to handle troubled times. Despite his lengthy legislative scorecard and his earnest doggedness both in Congress and on the campaign trail, he remains a dispassionate figure who has sparked little excitement. On the stump in Iowa, he tells voters that they must choose the person they trust the most. But even as he works to personalize the race with a what-a-nice-young-man appeal, Gephardt remains the candidate in the plain vanilla wrapper.

Some of his stances reinforce lingering qualms that he is driven primarily by a desire to leap to the top of the ladder. Many of

the causes he has embraced, like revitalizing education, are apple issues that provoke little dissent. Others, such as his opposition to the colorization of Hollywood films, can be ridiculed as merely trendy. More significantly, he has edged leftward from his moderate moorings (he was a founder of the Democratic Leadership Council, a centrist group) as he plays to the liberal activists who dominate the Iowa caucuses. He has reversed his support of tuition tax credits and now opposes back-door federal aid to private schools. He has soft-pedaled his stance on abortion, which he had opposed since his aldermanic days. "Current law should not be changed," he quickly suggests when asked.

Nowhere is Gephardt more susceptible to the pandering charge than on his controversial belief in retaliatory measures to narrow America's trade deficit. In the past year the candidate's forceful pursuit of tougher trade laws has helped nudge the White House into imposing trade sanctions against Japan, Canada and Brazil and has won for Gephardt scads of publicity. But because the Gephardt Amendment has helped him win the support of labor activists—key to the Iowa caucuses—critics have called Gephardt the "Walter Mondale of 1988." After briefly distancing himself from labor, Gephardt went against the wishes of his advisers last month and embraced the cause even more fervently. "If standing up for American workers and insisting on prying open foreign markets are protectionist," he says, "then I want to be a protectionist."

But Gephardt cannot simply be tagged an opportunist. Both his record and rhetoric show a deep concern for certain values. His impassive face brightens when he talks about the need to

adapt to a changing world economy. He cares deeply about education. Embedded in his personality and political vision is a basic set of heartfelt values that, like his ambition and his solidly normal character, were nurtured in his Midwest upbringing.

Born in 1941 to farm-reared parents of German stock, Gephardt spent his youth on the south side of St. Louis, playing ball, keeping a string of pets and always sporting a red Cardinals cap. His father Lou was a quiet Republican who peddled insurance, oil and dairy products door to door before meeting late in life with modest success in real estate. His mother by contrast was a Democrat and a dynamo; she pressed young Dick and his older brother Don to

set firm goals and never quit. A well-used switch atop the icebox made the boys mind their chores; if they did it well, she showered them with praise. When the local principal pronounced her sons "college material," Loreen Gephardt returned to work as a legal secretary for 13 years. "The only way the boys got to go to college was because I decided they were going to go," she says.

Her uncommon self-discipline stuck to young Gephardt. He staged "one-man" baseball games—pitching, hitting and fielding by himself—against the back wall of the family's five-room brick bungalow. An eagle scout, he delivered sermons at the Baptist church and for a while pondered the most disciplined of careers, the ministry. In an autobiographical sketch written at 15, he noted, "I am trying to impress upon my mind that every day of working and praying is a stepping-stone to a happy life."

Along with taking himself seriously, Gephardt liked the limelight: he took lead parts in school productions, played Henry Higgins and King David, worked up a magic act, and still does a fair imitation of Jonathan Winters and Red Skelton. After high school in 1958, his flair for drama took him to Northwestern's School of Speech, where his stand-up comedy act won him notice in the



At home in St. Louis: "Good policy is good politics"

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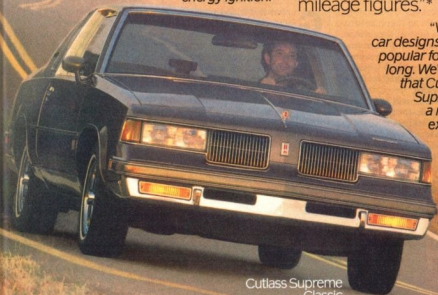
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dorms. "He always liked to please people," says his mother.

Soon after arriving in Evans-ton, Gephardt leaped from drama to campus politics. Known then as Rich, he wore trousers with razor-sharp creases, was a preciously good speaker and even knew how to pull cub reporters aside at student senate meetings to explain the complicated goings-on. Friends kidded the student-body president about combing his hair down over his forehead in the style of John Kennedy. A college sweetheart recalls that the constant comparisons had an effect on Gephardt. "It was hard to look that much like J.F.K. and not talk of the presidency," she says.

After law school at the University of Michigan, Gephardt joined an up-and-coming St. Louis law firm and married Jane Ann Byrnes, a manager at a shoe company whom he had dated at Northwestern. Immersing himself in the affairs of his old south-side neighborhood, where delivery of city services was the major issue, he rose from ward committeeman to the board of aldermen by 1971. With relentless energy and a flair for press coverage, Gephardt helped residents keep grocery stores and hospitals in the neighborhood and massage parlors out. He developed a quick eye for compromise, harnessing reluctant conservative aldermen to his own group of Young Turks to start the city's revival. Many logically pegged Alderman Gephardt for the mayor's office, but he opted instead for Congress in 1976. Opponents criticized his national ambitions, and his own party favored another candidate, but Gephardt and his family knocked on 50,000 doors and won anyway.

Gephardt's career in Washington is a testament to his creed that "good policy is good politics." It began slowly. After the Congressman won a second term, his staff convened at his suburban Washington home for what they presumed would be a victory party. They discovered instead that Gephardt had called the session to lament the lack of new laws with his name on them, an astonishing attitude for someone who had spent only two years in the House. Eventually he focused on two issues: the Bradley-Gephardt tax-reform bill and the Gephardt trade amendment. In each instance, Gephardt helped fashion new solutions to complicated problems through hard work and an unusual mastery of facts. His near evangelical faith in the power of meetings to clear legislative snags—Gephardt is a sort of walking version of the book *You Can Negotiate Anything*—won him the nickname "Ironbudd."

Meanwhile, Gephardt served his House colleagues as assiduously as they served their hometown constituents. Every working day for eleven years, he drove disabled Colleague Ike Skelton to and from Capitol Hill, and he befriended scores of lawmakers, careful to call on junior and senior members in their offices, not his. Perhaps his least-known accomplishment illustrates the point best: a 1979 amendment to the budget act allowed grateful members to vote an increase to program budgets without casting a highly visible second vote to raise the debt limit to pay for such projects. When he set his sights on the chairmanship of the Democratic caucus in 1984, he employed a trick he had used at Northwestern: he deputized peers most likely to prove strong opponents and then



In Iowa: "I worry about an America where dreams don't come true"

coasted to an easy victory. In his presidential campaign, he has built a strong organization based on the political support of more than 80 devoted House colleagues.

The flip side of Gephardt's natural feel for the legislative compromise is, as former Administrative Aide John Crosby puts it, a tendency "to be all things to all people." Gephardt is overtolerant, too slow to judgment. Other than anti-Reagan boiler plate, criticisms rarely pass his lips. Even some loyal aides concede that he has flitted from issue to issue in a way that reduces his effectiveness. Last week longtime Spokesman and Confidant Don Foley resigned from the campaign because of friction with Campaign Manager Bill

Carrick. But Gephardt has often relieved subordinates by kicking them upstairs. "If I have one problem with him," said a longtime colleague, echoing others, "it is that there are no tests—everybody's good. He is not critical enough." Gephardt notes that he has "consistently" fired people who don't perform, but adds, "I don't believe in an autocratic kind of leadership."

Gephardt decided to make the 1988 race even before the 1984 one was over, as he watched Gary Hart surge against Walter Mondale in the Iowa caucuses. Since then, Gephardt has practically moved to Iowa; in 1986 and '87 he spent 97 days in the state. But his personal dedication and his tailor-made stances have been able to carry him only so far. He rose quickly to become one of the front runners following Gary Hart's demise last spring, but he has since stalled while Paul Simon and Michael Dukakis have moved ahead of him in recent Iowa polls.

Much of the blame lies with his unwillingness to heed warnings about his hapless state organization. One top Iowa supporter, former State Party Chairman Ed Campbell, finally got his attention by asking, "How do you sleep at night?" With that, the usually unemotional candidate exploded into profanity and demanded an accounting from his organizers. He has since named his third state coordinator in a year, and the new team is scrambling to make up lost ground.

The newcomers may be just as flat-footed as the old team: three weeks ago Gephardt's Iowa lieutenants tried to organize a secret straw poll of Democrats attending the annual Jefferson-Jackson day dinner, though the party had banned such entrance surveys. The gambit failed when police dispersed the polltakers. But a greater problem is that his candidacy just has not caught fire. Instead of getting the chance to break out of the pack in Iowa, Gephardt may doom his candidacy there.

What's his hurry? Gephardt is practical to the point of expediency: "I'm in the prime of my life. I'm not going to get stronger physically or mentally, and I don't want to be sitting around on Jan. 20, 1989, wishing I'd done something." Those who once scoffed at such ambition—and at his willingness to compromise in order to make friends and influence policy—are beginning to realize that these very attributes are what have propelled him to the top tier of Democratic candidates.

—By Michael Duffy/Washington



Growing up bright and eager

"Working and praying" for a happy life.

American Notes



Denver: the wreckage of the fatal Continental Flight 1713 at Stapleton Airport

DENVER

Prescription For Disaster

A snowstorm raged and the mercury had dropped to 28° F as Continental Flight 1713, bound for Boise, took off last week from Denver's Stapleton International Airport. The DC-9 was airborne but a few seconds when it clipped the runway with its left wing and cartwheeled down the tarmac, breaking into three pieces. Of the 81 aboard, 28 died, including the pilot and copilot.

Investigators from the National Transportation Safety Board focused on the buildup of ice on the plane's wings while it waited 23 minutes between deicing and takeoff. Another possible factor: pilot inexperience. Copilot Lee Bruecher, 26, who was apparently at the craft's controls on takeoff, had only 36½ hours of flight time on DC-9s. The veteran pilot, Captain Frank Zvonek, 43, had logged only 33 hours as a DC-9 captain.

DRUGS

Cocaine's "Henry Ford"

His first shipments of cocaine to the U.S. were smuggled in suitcases; he even used his mother as a courier. From humble beginnings as a small-time pot dealer in New York

in the early 1970s, Carlos Lehder Rivas rose to become a pivotal figure in the international drug trade, commanding a squadron of airplanes that is said to have brought 15 tons of coke into the U.S. every month. Last week the onetime drug lord went on trial in a heavily guarded federal courthouse in Jacksonville.

Lehder, said prosecuting U.S. Attorney Robert Merkle, "was to cocaine transportation what Henry Ford was to automobiles." As part of the notorious Medellín Cartel, he and his partners allegedly controlled 80% of the U.S. coke trade. Extradited to Florida last February, Lehder is specifically accused of shipping 3.3 tons of cocaine into the U.S. The trial, which should last three months, will include testimony from some 200 witnesses presented to an anonymous jury.

NEW YORK

The Angel Of Death

When a "code blue" emergency sounded in the cardiac ward of Good Samaritan Hospital in West Islip, N.Y., Registered Nurse Richard Angelo, 25, was often first on the scene, working feverishly to save the endangered patient. No wonder: Angelo regularly created those emergencies by injecting elderly patients with muscle-paralyzing drugs that led to respiratory failure. Then he

would lead resuscitation efforts in a bizarre attempt to look like a hero to his co-workers.

The bearded nurse was found out when a 73-year-old cardiac patient experienced shortness of breath after he observed Angelo injecting a substance into his intravenous tube. Angelo confessed last week to giving 35 such injections this year. Authorities suspect that ten to 20 patients have died in the past three months from the lethal doses. The bodies of several will be exhumed to determine whether they were victims of a deadly bid for popularity.

WEST VIRGINIA

"Mad Dog" Takes a Plea

As a prosecutor in Charleston, W. Va., Mike Roark sported combat fatigues and a pistol during drug raids and won the nickname "Mad Dog" for his fierce pursuit of local dealers. As the city's popular Republican mayor, Roark, 42, had romped to an easy re-election last April, and was touted as a candidate for Congress or Governor. Last week, however, Roark was back in court, this time as a defendant. As he was about to go to trial, the mayor pleaded guilty to six charges of cocaine possession and resigned his position. He faces as much as six years in prison.



New York: Nurse Angelo gave the deadly shots

A late-night carouser, Roark had vehemently denied long-standing rumors that he used cocaine. But his protestations began to unravel at the trial of a Charleston businessman in January, when a real estate agent testified that he had sold the drug to the mayor on four occasions.

POLITICS

Spy's Sassy Political Poll

When people talk politics, they often drift into the realm of the absurd as the evening grows old. What if Ted Kennedy ran against Richard Nixon? And later, by bedtime: What if Johnny Carson were a candidate? Now a nationwide poll for *Spy* magazine answers these pressing questions. Kennedy, for example, would beat Nixon decisively, 52% to 29%. As for following Reagan from Hollywood into politics, the clear favorite is Charlton Heston, followed by Paul Newman and Bill Cosby. (Carson comes in sixth.) Asked which candidates seem the "craziest," voters singled out Jesse Jackson, Pat Robertson and Alexander Haig, in that order. Crazy or not, Jackson was the front runner in the Democratic field, with 18%, followed by Michael Dukakis and Paul Simon. But, as some pundits have suspected, some 4% of those surveyed actually think it is Paul Simon the singer who is running.

World

BRITAIN

Escalator to An Inferno

Panic and death in London's Underground

At 7:28 p.m., passengers heading up an escalator toward the exits at King's Cross, London's busiest subway station, figured they were nearing the end of their commute home. At 7:29, their routine ride became an ascent into hell. Flames erupted along the moving wooden stairs and spread rapidly upward. Those people riding near the top of the crowded staircase were delivered directly into the center of the blazing inferno. Unable to turn back, they could only push forward into the flames, their clothes and hair catching fire as they dashed for the exits.

Below, pandemonium was erupting. Heavy smoke cascaded down into the labyrinth of tunnels, some as far as 200 ft. below street level, quickly overwhelming people. "There was thick, black, choking smoke everywhere," said Railway Guard Doug Patterson. "It was impossible to see anything." Passengers aboard trains still pulling into the station pressed their faces to the windows and squinted against the smoke, spectators to a nightmare. Recalled Leroy Bigby, 23: "I could hear people screaming and running in every direction."

Most of the panicked commuters clawed and stampeded their way to safety. But 30 people perished in the blaze, al-

most all of them on the circular ticket concourse at the top of the escalator, most within yards of exit doors. Eighty more were injured, twelve critically, by the intense heat and smoke. The fire was by far the worst in the 124-year history of the London Underground. Until last week's disaster, in fact, only four passengers had died in subway blazes since World War II. But the solid reputation of the city's venerable "Tube" is now under question as Londoners wonder whether the disaster could have been better contained.

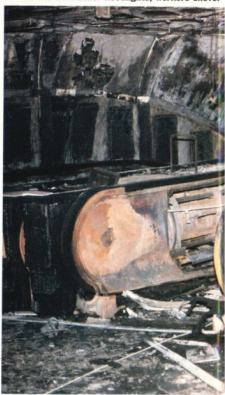
The precise cause of the inferno remains a mystery. Initially, word spread that the fire might have started with a carelessly tossed cigarette that ignited trash in a machine room beneath the escalator. But when subway authorities inspected the room, they found it to be, as one said, "clean as a whistle." Other theories looked to the escalator mechanism, which might have produced a spark; or to the prewar wooden stairs, which might have come in contact with a cigarette or other flame. Officials found faults with both explanations. And although they received some telephone calls claiming sabotage, authorities were inclined to rule out both arson and terrorist attack. At week's end the only thing police could say with certainty was that the fire started on the escalator itself.

As the smoke cleared, there was a sense that the disaster need not have been so enormous, the chaos so complete. For almost an hour after the fire erupted, trains continued to pull into King's Cross, some still discharging passengers. Confused station workers directed several passengers onto an escalator that headed directly into the blaze. "The ceiling above was on fire and debris was falling down, but the escalator was still moving," complained Passenger Andrew Lea, who was able to get off the death belt.

Some Londoners were not surprised by such horror stories. Two independent reports, published in 1985 and 1986, warned about fire hazards in the Underground. Among the problems cited in both reports: deficient storage facilities, poor



Ascent into hell: under floodlights, workers shovel



An unconscious fireman receives aid

"It was impossible to see anything."



up debris after the conflagration, which started on a moving stairway



PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL SMOLOWE

communications systems, inadequate fire training for train crews and station staff. The 1985 report, which was prepared by a public interest group, specifically recommended installation of automatic sprinklers, smoke detectors and fire doors. None of those corrective measures were taken. Underground Operations Director John Cope described such precautions as excessive. "Our fire-prevention procedures are among the most stringent anywhere," he insisted. "There is more of a danger crossing the road outside the station than there is down here."

Some opposition politicians directed their anger at the government of Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Frank Dobson, who represents the King's Cross constituency in Parliament, charged that Tory budget-slashing had weakened the Underground system. He noted that the number of transportation employees at the King's Cross station, which handles 200,000 passengers daily, had been cut from 16 to ten, and the cleaning staff from 14 to two.

King's Cross has always held a place of prominence in the world's oldest subway system. The station was one of three stops on the original subterranean line that opened Jan. 10, 1863, to shuttle passengers between aboveground railway terminals at Paddington, King's Cross and Farringdon Street. Through the decades that modest 3½-mile nexus has spawned a cavernous labyrinth that now stretches for 254 miles and serves 2.5 million people a day. King's Cross remains the most active hub, its eight platforms serving five lines.

Last week Britain's sympathy was with the bereaved and the brave. Both Thatcher and Queen Elizabeth II praised the rescue workers who plunged into the conflagration. Two fire fighters were injured and one, 45-year-old Colin Townsley, died in the blaze. Among the many flowers placed outside King's Cross station to honor the inferno's victims was a bouquet bearing the inscription "To a brave fire fighter from us all."

The government has pledged a thorough inquiry, and police are appealing to eyewitnesses to come forward with information that might help identify the cause of the blaze. One intriguing lead: the daily *Guardian* carried a woman's account that she had seen what looked like a "black oily cloth wrapped around something" smoldering near the ill-fated escalator.

The costs of putting King's Cross back together are certain to be enormous. The ticket concourse, about 20 ft. below-ground, is gutted, the metal ticket machines are melted, the turnstiles are blackened, cracked tiles and molten insulation are strewn everywhere. Officials say it will take months before the station is again fully operational. Restoring the riding public's faith in the London Underground may take a good deal longer.

—By Jill Smolowe. Reported by Roland Flamini/London

World



A well-stocked butcher shop in Kosovo before the wave of panic buying struck

YUGOSLAVIA

Teetering on the Brink

The economy is sinking, and the regions are restless

The food vanished first. As word spread that the government was drastically raising prices, panicky shoppers snapped up sugar, flour and cooking oil by the crateload, quickly clearing grocery-store shelves. Decorum went next. Chanting "Down with prices!", 5,000 striking steelworkers hurled tin cans and hunks of bread at officials in the southern city of Skopje in the first organized labor protest to hit Yugoslavia since it became a Communist country, in 1945. Cowed officials promptly doubled some wages. In a no less startling outburst, the press and even some Communist leaders intensified calls for the resignation of Prime Minister Branko Mikulić, 59. Amid the turmoil, the devalued Yugoslav dinar plunged nearly 25% on world currency markets.

From one end of Yugoslavia (pop. 23 million) to the other last week, the nation that Josip Broz Tito rebuilt from the rubble of World War II seemed to be nearing collapse. An unruly amalgam of six republics, two autonomous provinces and more than a dozen languages, Yugoslavia has been divided against itself since it was founded in 1918. But the charismatic Tito brought unity to Yugoslavia and took it out of the Soviet orbit. Before he died in 1980, after 35 years in power, Yugoslavia appeared to be a model of innovation—and a proudly neutral nation wooed and respected by both East and West.

Since then, however, economic woes and regional strife have gradually torn the country apart. While neighboring Hungary and the Soviet Union are moving slowly ahead, Yugoslavia is stumbling backward. Some 1,000 strikes have

flared since Belgrade first froze wages in February. The country is staggering beneath nearly 200% inflation, the highest in Europe, and a 15% unemployment rate that only a few European countries exceed. At the same time, Mikulić is desperately trying to finance \$19 billion in hard-currency debt. "This is perhaps Yugoslavia's greatest crisis in almost 40 years," said a Western diplomat long resident in Belgrade. "All the indications are that Mikulić cannot survive. But the bigger question is whether the entire country is now heading toward chaos and unrest."

Yugoslavia's economic turmoil was echoed last week in Poland and Rumania. In Warsaw consumers scoured shops for bargains after the government proposed price hikes that would double food costs and triple energy bills. Poles will vote on the reform package, aimed at reviving the tottering economy, in a national referendum this Sunday. In Rumania police reportedly broke up protests by some 5,000 workers in the city of Brasov, demonstrating against harsh labor conditions and growing food shortages.

Mikulić's stature hit a new low last summer when an investigation uncovered Yugoslavia's biggest financial scandal since World War II. Led in part by the country's newly aggressive press, the probe found that Agrokomec, a giant food-processing firm based in the republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, had issued up to \$500 million in worthless IOUs to 63 Yugoslav banks and other enterprises. The

revelations forced the country's Vice President, Hamdija Pozderac, to resign after the Belgrade newspaper *Borba* and other publications linked him to the scandal. Agrokomec Chief Executive Fikret Abdić is in jail awaiting trial. At least six top Communist officials in Bosnia-Herzegovina resigned from their posts or were expelled from the party as a result of the scandal, along with dozens of lower-ranking figures. The ousters represented one of the few instances in which the press and public opinion have altered the power structure of a Communist East European regime.

Still reeling from the Agrokomec affair, Mikulić lurched into his latest crisis last week after pushing painful economic reforms through parliament. A reworked version of a 120-point plan that leaders of the republics flatly rejected last month, the measures froze prices of some food staples but increased others by up to 70%. The goal: to bring prices into line with costs of production. Whatever the economic merit of the moves, they provoked a fire storm of protest and criticism.

Meanwhile, authorities have had to cope with Yugoslavia's long-smoldering ethnic tensions. The worst problem is the impoverished southern province of Kosovo, where once dominant Serbs are now outnumbered almost 9 to 1 by ethnic Albanians, many of whom seek independence from Belgrade. Animosity has run high since Yugoslav troops crushed ethnic Albanian riots in 1981. The Serbs complain of rising Albanian persecution in the form of rapes, murders and cattle blindings. Hostility mounted last month when Serbian newspapers quoted former Yugoslav Vice President Fadil Hodza, a top-ranking ethnic Albanian Communist, as sardonically telling army-reserve officers that Serbian women should move to Kosovo to serve as prostitutes. After a wave of protests by outraged Serbs, Belgrade stripped Hodza of his party membership and embarked on a new federal aid program for Kosovo.

As Mikulić struggles with such problems, a growing number of Yugoslavs believe he will be forced out by next


May, when the Prime Minister must seek parliamentary approval to serve another two years. Reports circulating in Belgrade say Mikulić is seeking a successor to enable him to step down. Many citizens openly yearn for a leader with the vision to revamp the sclerotic Communist hierarchy and loosen controls over politics and the economy. That would follow the astonishing growth of press freedom and other rights that have blossomed since Tito's death. But no leader short of a new Tito may be able to advance bold new reforms or successfully end Yugoslavia's crisis.

—By John Greenwald

Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Belgrade



The Prime Minister



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World



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Yugoslavia's economic turmoil was echoed last week in Poland and Rumania. In Warsaw consumers scoured shops for bargains after the government proposed price hikes that would double food costs and triple energy bills. Poles will vote on the reform package, aimed at reviving the tottering economy, in a national referendum this Sunday. In Rumania police reportedly broke up protests by some 5,000 workers in the city of Brasov, demonstrating against harsh labor conditions and growing food shortages.

Mikulić's stature hit a new low last summer when an investigation uncovered Yugoslavia's biggest financial scandal since World War II. Led in part by the country's newly aggressive press, the probe found that Agrokomerc, a giant food-processing firm based in the republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, had issued up to \$500 million in worthless IOUs to 63 Yugoslav banks and other enterprises. The

revelations forced the country's Vice President, Hamdija Pozderac, to resign after the Belgrade newspaper *Borba* and other publications linked him to the scandal. Agrokomerc Chief Executive Fikret Abdić is in jail awaiting trial. At least six top Communist officials in Bosnia-Herzegovina resigned from their posts or were expelled from the party as a result of the scandal, along with dozens of lower-ranking figures. The ousters represented one of the few instances in which the press and public opinion have altered the power structure of a Communist East European regime.

Still reeling from the Agrokomerc affair, Mikulić lurched into his latest crisis last week after pushing painful economic reforms through parliament. A reworked version of a 120-point plan that leaders of the republics flatly rejected last month, the measures froze prices of some food staples but increased others by up to 70%. The goal: to bring prices into line with costs of production. Whatever the economic merit of the moves, they provoked a fire storm of protest and criticism.

Meanwhile, authorities have had to cope with Yugoslavia's long-simmering ethnic tensions. The worst problem is the impoverished southern province of Kosovo, where once dominant Serbs are now outnumbered almost 9 to 1 by ethnic Albanians, many of whom seek independence from Belgrade. Animosity has run high since Yugoslav troops crushed ethnic Albanian riots in 1981. The Serbs complain of rising Albanian persecution in the form of rapes, murders and cattle blindings. Hostility mounted last month when Serbian newspapers quoted former Yugoslav Vice President Fadil Hodža, a top-ranking ethnic Albanian Communist, as sardonically telling army-reserve officers that Serbian women should move to Kosovo to serve as prostitutes. After a wave of protests by outraged Serbs, Belgrade stripped Hodža of his party membership and embarked on a new federal aid program for Kosovo.

As Mikulić struggles with such problems, a growing number of Yugoslavs believe he will be forced out by next

May, when the Prime Minister must seek parliamentary approval to serve another two years. Reports circulating in Belgrade say Mikulić is seeking a successor to enable him to step down. Many citizens openly yearn for a leader with the vision to revamp the sclerotic Communist hierarchy and loosen controls over politics and the economy. That would follow the astonishing growth of press freedom and other rights that have blossomed since Tito's death. But no leader short of a new Tito may be able to advance bold new reforms or successfully end Yugoslavia's crisis.


—By John Greenwald

Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Belgrade



The Prime Minister

AP/WIDE WORLD



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World

SOVIET UNION

Rehab Job

Yeltsin finds new employment

In Stalin's day, a disgraced party official received a show trial and a bullet in the head. In more recent times, Kremlin power brokers who fell from grace languished in obscure retirement. But last week Boris Yeltsin, who had lost his job as head of the Moscow Communist Party in spectacular fashion only seven days earlier, was appointed first deputy chairman of the State Committee for Construction, a government position that carries ministerial rank. While that represents a demotion, Kremlin watchers could not recall any previous Soviet official's being vilified and sacked from a top job, then re-emerging so quickly in another high post. Yeltsin's firing was also unusual in that it provoked some rare public protest, including a demonstration by supporters in Moscow's 1905 Square that was broken up by police.

Although he will almost certainly lose his nonvoting seat on the ruling Politburo, the former Moscow party chief is expected to remain on the policymaking Central Committee. In his new post he will hold the No. 2 position in a department responsible for one of the most important yet trouble-prone sectors of the Soviet economy. Yeltsin will help oversee large-scale construction projects, a field in which he specialized when he was a young engineer assisting in the development of the industrial center of Sverdlovsk.

Some Kremlinologists speculated that Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev used the new appointment to signal that he was very much in charge. But the Soviet leader also seemed anxious to reassure ordinary citizens that Yeltsin's discharge had been warranted. In a widely publicized speech to senior party leaders at week's end, Gorbachev did not mention Yeltsin by name but criticized officials whose management decisions "bring society to a fever" and "unnerve people"—charges that were leveled by many against the abrasive Moscow party chief during the meeting that preceded his downfall. Gorbachev also threatened to "part company" with those who resist his *perestroika* (restructuring) program, a not so subtle threat to punish opponents of his policies in the party.

Soviet officials last week confirmed rumors that Yeltsin had suffered more than a political ailment. Several days before his ouster, he entered a cardiac unit of an elite Moscow hospital for treatment of "heart trouble." But Chief Foreign Ministry Spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov insisted that "his illness is not a serious one." In any case, Yeltsin was well enough to leave the hospital two weeks ago, albeit reportedly against his doctors' wishes, and attend the party meeting during which he was fired. Having swallowed that bitter pill, Yeltsin returned to the hospital for further medical care. ■



A charge of retaliation: Missionary Marty Hamilton with Kenyan orphans; Kimweli, inset

KENYA

The Plot That Never Was

A mysterious memo stirs a furor in Nairobi

Talk about a preposterous plot. An obscure fundamentalist church in Boone, N.C., raises millions of dollars from Ku Klux Klan members. The mission: to topple the governments of Kenya, Tanzania, Zambia and Zimbabwe. The conspiracy is carried out by American missionaries, all of them part of a sophisticated network that includes a satellite, a radio station and an oceangoing ship.

These details come not from a pulp adventure novel but from a fund-raising "memo" written on the stationery of the Foscoe Christian Church in Boone. Addressed to "Klu [sic] Klux Klan members," it boasts that \$80 million has already been collected to overthrow the governments opposing South Africa but that an additional \$20 million is urgently needed. The memo goes on to laud missionaries in Kenya who are ostensibly working with "backward, stupid natives" but are actually attempting to oust Kenyan President Daniel Arap Moi.

As absurd as that sounds, the memo is creating an uproar in Kenya. Revealed first in banner headlines in Nairobi's three national dailies, it has led Moi to deport 15 American missionaries, some of whom have run schools in the impoverished countryside for more than a decade. "They claim to have come to work with us in our development efforts," said Moi. "Their real work has been sabotage and destabilization." But the State Department has branded the memo a "forgery" and the coup charges "patently absurd." Said Paul Hamilton, one of the ousted missionaries: "We knew nothing about it. The government is paranoid."

Kenyan newspapers will not say how they got the memo, but Hamilton believes it is the handiwork of David Kimweli, 33, a Kenyan-born preacher who lives in

Carrollton, Ga. For two years, Kimweli has toured parishes in the U.S., raising money for missions in Kenya. Last February he visited Boone's Foscoe Christian Church, where he told of whole villages converted from "witchcraft" to Christianity, of sight returned to the blind, of a woman in a wheelchair getting up and walking. "He delivered an electrifying message," says Pastor Kenneth Caswell.

One of those he electrified was Hamilton, 37, who met Kimweli when the Kenyan was studying at Johnson Bible College in Knoxville. Hamilton, a television technician, was so impressed that he sold his house and in July headed for Kenya with his wife Marty and three children. Once he got there, however, Hamilton found that Kimweli's crusades did not exist. Enraged by the deception, he fired off letters to Kimweli's American supporters and complained to U.S. embassy officials in Nairobi.

Then, suddenly, the memo appeared, fingering Hamilton, his wife and the other missionaries who had come to Kenya after hearing Kimweli's sermons. Kimweli, reached in Savannah last week, claimed to know nothing about the memo. "It is confusing and embarrassing," he insisted. He said he sent \$4,000 to enlarge the church in his home village of Machakos and tens of clothing for distribution in the region. The dispute with Hamilton and the other missionaries "is just a religious difference," he explained. Meanwhile, a few chastened missionaries feel that they have been had. Rued Hamilton: "If someone says, 'Hey, I'm doing the Lord's work,' we don't check his credentials." And the government of Kenya apparently does not question the authenticity of unsigned memos.

—By Margot Hornblower.
Reported by Clive Mutiso/Nairobi

World

SOUTH AFRICA

The "Graying" of a Nation

As more neighborhoods are integrated, a key apartheid law fades

Shortly after African National Congress Leader Govan Mbeki was set free this month, a group of his supporters held a rally at Johannesburg's Khotso House, headquarters of a dozen anti-apartheid groups. Only a year earlier, white occupants of an apartment house across the street had caused a minor riot at the same spot by tossing flowerpots and other missiles onto the crowd from their balconies. This time curious residents again peered from their balconies, but no one down below thought of ducking. Even though the apartment building is restricted by law to whites only, most of the onlookers were black.

With gathering speed, yet another of apartheid's pillars—the mandatory residential separation of the races—is crumbling. Especially in Johannesburg but also in other large cities, neighborhoods that were once entirely white are seeing a steady influx of ethnic Asians, "coloreds" (people of mixed race), and, most surprisingly, blacks. The migration to these so-called gray areas is taking place in violation of the Group Areas Act, which completed the process of assigning every square foot of South Africa to residential use by one of the four racial groups and, when passed in 1950, was hailed by Prime Minister Daniel F. Malan as the "essence of apartheid." Though the present government of State President P.W. Botha insists that the law remain on the books, authorities do virtually nothing to enforce it.

The unraveling of the Group Areas Act began in 1982, when the Transvaal supreme court ruled that an Indian found to be in violation of the law could not be evicted from her home unless authorities could prove the "availability of alternative accommodation." That was—and still is—an impossible task. Severe overcrowding plagues most nonwhite areas, which contain 73% of the country's total population but cover only 13% of its land. In the black township of Soweto, outside Johannesburg, for example, the typical four-room "shoe box" home is occupied by an average of 16 people.

As increasing numbers of whites moved to the suburbs, urban areas were saddled with a glut of housing that, by law, could be sold or rented only to other whites. As recently as last year, this white flight had left at least one apartment out of four in central Johannesburg unoccupied, and surplus housing nationwide reached a total of 37,000 units. Market forces gradually overcame legal ones, and

whites began renting to nonwhites, often with the assistance of real estate agents who specialize in "C.I.A. listings," a coy abbreviation for "colored, Indian and African." In Johannesburg the largest concentrations of nonwhites have settled in the downtown business area and a midtown neighborhood called Hillbrow, which now has a 40% black population of



New arrivals: a couple stroll with their twins in Woodstock
Realizing that scrambled eggs would be unscrambled.

about 35,000. "What is happening in Johannesburg is not an issue of political defiance but a case of necessity," says Tony Leon, a city councillor who represents a gray section of Hillbrow. "These people have nowhere else to go."

In Cape Town the largest gray area is Woodstock, a neatly tended neighborhood of stucco houses situated on the slopes of Table Mountain. In contrast to Hillbrow, which was formerly all white, Woodstock has always been home to a sizable colored population, most of whom speak the same Afrikaans language as local whites and belong to Dutch Reformed churches—though not the same ones as local whites. The recent infusion of Asians and blacks into this existing mixture prompted the government to announce plans to rezone it as a "colored area," a step that would have forced white

residents to move out. An interracial grass-roots campaign was organized to fight the proposed rezoning, and at least for the time being, has succeeded. Says an elated Peter Parkin, a city councilman and head of the Open Woodstock campaign: "The first nail is being driven into the coffin of residential segregation in South Africa."

Inevitably some white residents of neighborhoods in transition, especially those populated by working-class families, extend something less than a hearty welcome to those who cross the color line. A scribbled message on a shopping center wall in Yeoville, a blue-collar Johannesburg neighborhood, sums up the animosity: INTEGRATION STINKS. In Bertrams, another working-class neighborhood of Johannesburg, a white woman who lives on a street whose residents are mostly black, colored or Indian, voices a typical complaint. "If they lived one family to a flat, it wouldn't be so bad," she says. "But there are so many that now I can't sit outside."

What is surprising, however, is that more often than not the graying of South Africa has been accomplished peacefully, if not always amicably. A national poll of white South Africans conducted early this year found that 52% regarded gray areas as acceptable, while 46% thought they should not be permitted. Increasingly, white South Africans find that they have little choice but to face reality. "Hillbrow is already a multiracial area, and no one is going to change that," says Leon de Beer, who represents the community in Parliament. "You can't unscramble a scrambled egg."

The government has announced it will propose an amendment to the Group Areas Act that would permit some communities to open their residential areas to more than one race. Liberal critics

of that plan claim it is unnecessarily cumbersome and call instead for consigning the entire act to the same scrap heap used for such now discarded remnants of apartheid as the ban on interracial marriage and the infamous pass laws, which required blacks to carry documents stipulating where they could live and work. The government insists that no such drastic move is called for, and promises that communities wanting to remain segregated will be allowed to do so. But John Kane-Berman, executive director of the South African Institute of Race Relations, strongly disagrees. "It is clear that the government is compelled by the right mix of pressure and action to shift its bottom line continuously," he says. "The next domino to fall is the Group Areas Act."

—By William R. Doerner.
Reported by Bruce W. Nelson/Johannesburg

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World

MIDDLE EAST

A Land That History Forgot

Ruled by Israel, Gaza becomes the refuge of the dispossessed

On the road that leads to Gaza, a gaudily lettered arch greets travelers with the word WELCOME. But the sights hardly beckon. Watchful Israeli soldiers stand guard as men in *gallabiyas* ply the road on two-wheeled donkey carts and women in white gauze veils trail their robes through the dust. Melons are sold amid reeking garbage. Rusting wreckage litters the roadsides. The stench of rot and waste is unescapable. Gaza looks like what it is: the last refuge of the dispossessed.

Kong's. The Jews inhabit a beach-front enclave that is fast growing into an Israeli Riviera. But more than 60% of Gaza's Arabs are refugees, most of whom live in squalid United Nations camps built 40 years ago. In the camp of Nuseirat, Sabha, a 50-year-old woman, finds only despair. "There is no way of getting out of this muddy life unless a miracle occurs," she said. "But the time of miracles has gone."

Most Gazans must earn their meager daily bread in Israel. Some 50,000 jam the



Palestinian women walk along a dusty street under the watchful eye of an Israeli soldier

One resident's lament: "There is no way of getting out of this life unless a miracle occurs."

Gaza has never been anything but occupied territory, in thrall for 500 years to the Ottoman Empire, then to Britain, then Egypt, now Israel. Approximately 28 miles long and five miles wide, Gaza teems with more than 600,000 Palestinians, nearly all of whom fare worse than their 800,000 brethren in the Israeli-occupied West Bank. Wedged between Egypt and Israel, Gaza nonetheless appeared to harbor little of the rebellious anger that seethes in the Palestinian towns in the West Bank. But that is changing. Violent anti-Israel protests have rocked the territory over the past two months. Eight Palestinians, including a 17-year-old schoolgirl, and one government security agent have been killed. The smell of burning tires and gunpowder now mingles with the stink of sewage.

After occupying Gaza in 1967, Israel gradually claimed one-third of the strip as "state land" and built 18 Israeli settlements for about 2,200 Jews. Life is far more cramped for Gaza's Palestinians: some 5,440 people occupy each square mile, a density that approaches Hong

44-mile route to Tel Aviv each dawn to sweep streets and haul garbage and build houses. By supplying Israel with cheap labor, Gaza has virtually eliminated unemployment. Even so, Palestinians deeply resent the forced dependence. "We are enslaved," says Rashad Shawwa, 79, mayor of Gaza, who was twice removed from office by Israeli officials. "We have become the servants of Israel."

Israel strictly controls Gaza's commerce, including its primary crops of oranges, lemons and limes, to ensure that the occupied land does not compete with Israel. For security reasons, Israel has limited Gaza's second major industry, fishing, to a narrow slice of the Mediterranean. The result is a retarded economy, with little prospect for growth. Brigadier General Shai Eres, who until last month headed Gaza's civil administration, admits that the shackled economy severely limits the region's prospects. Says Eres: "Of course, there is no independence possible for this area."

In fact, no one wants Gaza. In its 19

years as overlord, Egypt did little but use the strip as a free port and cheap vacation spot for its soldiers. Today Cairo turns its back on Gaza by maintaining a barbed-wire border that Palestinians are not allowed to cross. Though some Gazans look to Jordan for guidance, King Hussein feels little responsibility for the territory. While West Bank Palestinians hold Jordanian passports, the nationality of Gazans is officially "undefined" on the travel documents they must obtain from Israel. Gaza has become such an afterthought that it is rarely mentioned in discussions about a Palestinian homeland. Fatah, the main P.L.O. group, has contributed little money or moral support to the territory.

Israel claims it has done more than any other occupier to improve the quality of life in Gaza. That is relatively true: cars abound, hospitals and clinics dot the landscape, even the camps have telephones and washing machines. But parts of Gaza City, the strip's largest population center, have water only twice a week in the summer, and sewage frequently floods the drinking supply. What are Israel's ultimate plans for Gaza? Admits General Eres: "That is the \$64,000 question."

Nor do the Gazans know how to help themselves. Shawwa, their nominal leader, has been described by one Israeli official as a "commander without soldiers." He can summon little political clout and no armed support. To talk to educated Gazans is to hear a litany of helplessness. "We lack leaders," sighs Farouq Abu Sharq, a self-employed furniture maker. "So what can we do?"

Increasingly, they seem to be turning to Islamic fundamentalism. More than anywhere else in the Palestinian world, Gaza is subscribing to the fanatical message of zealots like Sheikh Abdul al-Aziz Odeh, allegedly the guiding light behind a local group called Islamic Jihad, and Sheikh Ahmad Yasin, the spiritual leader of the Islamic movement in Gaza since 1977. "We have to start changing things by hearts," warns Yasin, 51, who has been paralyzed from the neck down since age 15. "Then by words and then the role of the hand comes." At least two of four Gazans killed in a shoot-out with Israeli security forces last month have been identified as members of the Islamic Jihad, which is becoming the chief funder of violence in Gaza. Though Israeli officials tend to link Gaza's radicals to the P.L.O., the militants appear to be motivated as much by religious fervor as by politics—a development that could prove extremely troublesome for Jerusalem.

For all their travails, the Gazans are intent on remaining where they are. Yet sometimes every day under Israeli occupation seems a curse that can test even the strongest faith. "Often I wonder whether God exists or not," says Fatima, 20, a refugee who lives in Nuseirat. "What did we do to be punished in such a way?"

—By Johanna McGoory/Gaza

World Notes



The Philippines: ill N.P.A. warlord in custody



Britain: sold, dancing elephant and all, for an astonishing \$9.8 million

THE PHILIPPINES

This Time a Coup for Cory

Acting on a tip, the Philippine military sent 100 troops, a tank and an armored personnel carrier to mount a daybreak raid on a small house in Santa Rita, a village north of Manila. The target was Juanito Rivera, 54, allegedly the second ranking leader of the New People's Army. Rivera, fighting pneumonia, had been visiting his mother. Peering out the window, he surveyed the firepower and surrendered.

The capture is a victory in President Corason Aquino's drive against the Communist-led guerrillas. Rivera is one of the N.P.A.'s experts in political assassination and a veteran of its 19-year war. In another small success for Aquino, Lieut. Colonel Roberto Navida, 38, surrendered to the government. Navida had helped Colonel Gregorio ("Gringo") Honasan mount the failed August coup against Aquino and then had gone into hiding with him.

WAR CRIMES

Long Road To Justice

The long-awaited knock on the door finally came for Josef Schwammberger, one of the world's most-wanted Nazi war

criminals. The ex-SS officer offered no resistance when Argentine police arrested him at his Córdoba retreat, 536 miles north of Buenos Aires.

Schwammberger, 75, took refuge in Argentina in the late 1940s. In recent years he was protected by friends in high places. But early this year an Argentine judge took up the extradition request that was lodged by West Germany 14 years ago and eventually caught up with him. The former commander of a labor camp for Jews at Przemyśl, Poland, will stand trial in West Germany for murdering hundreds.

FRANCE

Mitterrand's Trial by Fire

Ronald Reagan was not the only Western leader facing Iran arms-sales allegations last week. In Paris, the conservative daily *Le Figaro* published a U.S. Defense Department report alleging that President François Mitterrand had been informed of French arms sales to Tehran in 1984 and had done nothing to stop them. The report also claimed that the President's Socialist Party may have received as much as \$500,000 in kickbacks on the sales, which allegedly involved 500,000 artillery shells worth \$120 million.

Mitterrand acknowledged that he had heard "rumors" of arms shipments to Iran by Lu-

chaire, a French munitions firm. Pointing out that he had banned such sales when he took office in 1981, Mitterrand said he ordered an investigation by intelligence and defense officials. Since he heard nothing further about the problem, he said, he assumed that the sales had ended. As for the charge that the Socialists had benefited from the deal, Mitterrand said he would put his "hand in the fire" to deny it.

SOVIET UNION

Now, a Word From Our Spy

While the warmth of *glasnost* tolerates some public protests, the Soviet Union still finds ways of chilling the passions of its national minorities. The latest target is Latvia, the Soviet Baltic republic forcibly incorporated into the U.S.S.R. in 1940. As Latvian activists prepared for last week's commemoration of their lost independence, Soviet authorities sought to thwart them by trotting out an enigmatic figure from the spy wars of the 1950s: Harold ("Kim") Philby, 75, an Englishman who was the most successful Soviet mole in the British Secret Service.

Rarely seen in public since his defection in 1963, Philby appeared on Latvian television to denounce Western interference in the Baltic. Speaking English with a Russian voice-over, he charged that the West

uses Latvian nationalists to sow dissension. His words carry a certain authority. Philby headed British operations against Moscow's agents from 1944 to 1947. His performance, together with police action and counterdemonstrations by Communist Party loyalists, may have had its effect. Last week's demonstrations were desultory compared with protests earlier this year.

BRITAIN

The Jewel In the Garage

Lord knows, the Italian-made 1931 Bugatti Royale is not for everybody. The dancing-elephant hood ornament is a tad gaudy. The maximum speed of 70 m.p.h. would hardly satisfy Porsche fans. Parking the 19-ft. monster is a nightmare. And just try replacing the hubcaps on a car that is one of only seven ever built.

Christie's was not worried. The British auction house rented London's Royal Albert Hall last week, invited 3,000 guests and started the bidding at \$3.6 million. Bids came by phone from two continents. Two minutes later, the gavel came down. Sold, for \$9.8 million, the highest price ever paid for a car. The buyer, a London vintage-car dealer named Nicholas Harley, said afterward, "Structurally, it's a work of art. I look forward to driving it." Sure, but keep an eye on those hubcaps.

Economy & Business

The Technobandits

America struggles to stop leakage of its industrial secrets to the East

Corporal Danny Fudge of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police stopped for coffee in a Yukon fishing village one day last summer and proceeded to make the catch of his life. In the Yukon Motel restaurant in Teslin (pop. 350), the ruddy, barrel-chested Mountie eyed a 300-lb. stranger sitting nearby. He thought he might have seen the man before—on a wanted poster. The stranger, it turned out, was Charles McVey, a particularly notorious smuggler sought by U.S. Customs officials for illegally exporting millions of dollars' worth of computer equipment to Moscow. The sharp-eyed Corporal Fudge got his man, and is now a decorated hero. McVey sits in a Vancouver jail awaiting extradition proceedings next month.

For years, savvy smugglers, complicit businessmen and well-heeled Soviet officials managed to stay out of sight as they ferried America's technological secrets from West to East. No longer. A string of scandals, beginning with last spring's Toshiba affair, has pushed the issue of high-tech banditry squarely into the spotlight. The stories, many of which lack the happy ending supplied by Corporal Fudge,

have strengthened the resolve of U.S. officials to track down and punish those who traffic in the nation's secrets. Earlier this month Commerce Secretary William Verity announced that officials from the NATO allies and Japan will meet early next year to discuss different ways to stop sensitive technology from reaching the Soviet Union.

By working together, Western officials hope to fortify an export-control system that is clearly overloaded, underfunded and outdated. Since World War II, Western countries have jointly agreed on which products should be restricted through the Paris-based Coordinating Committee for Multilateral Export Controls (COCOM). But as new items proliferate, regulatory agencies face what one observer calls a "world of grays," a mass of technical detail required for every licensing decision. Officials are finding it harder to monitor thousands of proscribed exports, as the line between military and civilian products becomes blurred and the potential uses of new products keep changing.

Businessmen are frustrated by the complex regulations that seem to do nothing

except complicate their sales. A study by the National Academy of Sciences estimates that U.S. restrictions on high-tech exports cost American firms more than \$11 billion annually in lost business. As the U.S. works to reduce its trade deficit and recapture overseas markets, those restrictions amount to a self-imposed trade barrier the U.S. can scarcely afford. Furthermore, maintains Harvard's Lewis Branscomb, former chief scientist at IBM, the scope of restricted items, from straitjackets to wind tunnels, is unnecessarily broad. "It would be nice to ensure that the Russians didn't learn anything important," he says, "but there's just no way to do that."

The U.S. has found itself locked in a philosophical battle with its allies over trade with the Communist world. It is virtually impossible, many Europeans observe, to clench fists and shake hands at the same time. In an era of economic interdependence, they argue, Soviet economic growth could lead to a more sophisticated, more consumer-oriented and ultimately more peaceful U.S.S.R. Some allies resent what they feel is heavy-handed pressure from Washington to keep up



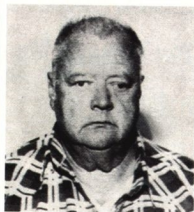
cold war suspicions at the precise moment when many nations are working to ease tensions with the Soviet Union.

That conflict between caution and commerce is mirrored within the U.S. Government. The Pentagon and the Commerce Department have battled over the proper level of high-tech sales to the Soviets. Defense officials are acutely aware that the U.S. relies on the technological superiority of its weapons to offset Soviet numerical advantages, and they occasionally snipe at Commerce for missing Moscow's subterfuges. At the same time, Congressmen representing districts dominated by high-tech industries disagree with regulators concerning the levels of control.

Yet the case for relaxing controls is hard to sustain, as new security breaches come to light almost every week. The Toshiba affair, more than any other, focused the West's attention on the scope of the leakage problem. The scandal broke last March, after the U.S. learned that a subsidiary of the Japanese electronics giant had shipped to the U.S.S.R. advanced machines that have enabled the Soviets to build submarines quiet enough to escape U.S. naval detection.

Other alarming cases have since surfaced. Earlier this month two Japanese businessmen and two Hungarian diplomats were indicted in Asheville, N.C., and charged with diverting to Hungary an advanced U.S. laser trimming system used to manufacture semiconductors. The product had been shipped from Charlotte, N.C., to Tokyo as an ordinary "carpet trimmer." From there it was smuggled to Budapest as part of a diplomat's "household goods." The Hungarians, according to the indictment, paid the Japanese \$380,000 for their trouble.

One of the most controversial disclo-



The Mounties got their man: McVey

sures involved a British subsidiary of a New Jersey firm, Consarc Corp. U.S. officials discovered in 1985 that Consarc had been shipping vacuum furnaces to the Soviet Union for two years, with the approval of British authorities. The high-temperature furnaces had the potential of producing an extremely light and durable fiber, carbon-carbon, used to improve the accuracy of intercontinental ballistic missiles. When the U.S. learned of the case, officials rushed to halt the deal. Though most of the order had already been filled, U.S. authorities prevailed on the British government to stop shipment of the vital heating elements that the Soviets would need to operate at least some of the equipment properly. When informed of the fiasco, the Thatcher government ordered the heating elements destroyed.

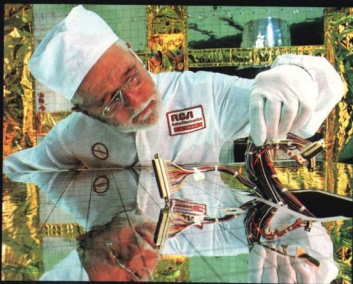
Pentagon officials were especially frustrated by the Consarc case because the technology breach was potentially devastating and perfectly legal. Consarc

even managed to persuade the British Trade Ministry to insure the project for \$11 million. Growled Stephen Bryen, who heads the Pentagon's export-control program: "This was an instance of really bad licensing by the British. It was an absolutely squalid case."

British trade officials are not alone in provoking the wrath of U.S. authorities. In May 1985, according to the French newsmagazine *L'Express*, five cases of industrial materials were shipped via Air France from Paris to Luxembourg, where the crates were to be placed aboard an Aeroflot plane bound for Moscow. French customs agents had not bothered to check out the cases, but Luxembourg officials demanded they be opened. Inside they found equipment for the manufacture of so-called bubble memory chips, a U.S.-made state-of-the-art semiconductor ideally suited for storing guidance information in missiles. A French firm named Les Accessoires Scientifiques had signed a \$7 million contract to provide the Soviets with an entire factory for producing the precious chips.

Of the reigning technobandits, none was more brazen or accomplished than McVey, who had been shipping technology to the Soviet Union and arranging computer-training classes for Soviet engineers since the early 1970s. The equipment transferred reportedly included high-capacity computer disk drives, as well as imaging systems that could be used in the study of satellite photographs. McVey had obtained the products through four companies he controlled in California's Orange County.

U.S. Customs officials finally managed to outwit McVey in early 1982, when he tried to smuggle a Memorex computer out of California on a private plane. When the plane stopped in Houston, Customs



The smuggler's potential prey: from left, Consarc vacuum furnaces; silicon wafers at an Intel chip factory in Albuquerque; Saxpy's Matrix 1/1000 supercomputer; RCA communications satellite in Princeton; telephone circuitry for a high-speed switching system

Economy & Business

inspectors replaced the computer with a load of sand. The sand was duly shipped to the Institute of Space Research in Moscow. McVey's capture last summer foiled his latest scheme: a plan to steal the designs for a new supercomputer being developed by the Saxpy Computer Corp. in Silicon Valley. The computer can be used to track satellites and missiles.

The McVey case highlights the problem of protecting secrets in an open society. The free exchange of information is vital to continued progress in fast-changing fields like computers and lasers. But such openness provides the Soviets with valuable opportunities. For years, the large Soviet consulate in San Francisco has served as an intelligence center from which Moscow monitors Silicon Valley. Soviet agents routinely intercept scientists' telephone calls, sift through unclassified technical publications and, on occasion, plant moles in U.S. industries. For the most part, however, the transfer of technology takes place along quasi-normal lines: through firms in Europe, Japan or elsewhere that are used to transship the pilfered goods to Eastern Europe. For that reason, Western authorities are concentrating their efforts on plugging leaky borders and beefing up enforcement.

Almost everybody agrees that an important step is to simplify the mission of COCOM, which, in an effort to do too much, is letting too many important products slip through. By limiting the number of restricted items, the U.S. could insist on tighter enforcement and higher penalties for violators than under the present system of comprehensive controls. "Higher walls around fewer items" has become a rallying cry for businessmen and Government officials searching for ways to protect truly vital technology without relying on blanket controls.

Some officials point to signs of progress since the scandals of the summer and fall. After years of criticism from Washington, Austria changed its trade laws and promised it would do its best to stop the flow of high-tech goods through Vienna, which is regarded as a major transshipment point. Japanese officials are investigating some 20 cases of technology transfers that may violate COCOM regulations.

For its part, the U.S. announced last month that it will offer to eliminate all licensing requirements for the export of militarily sensitive technology to its Western allies, provided that those countries will tighten their controls governing the export of goods to the Soviet Union. The goal is to allow products to move more freely within the walls of COCOM, even as those walls grow higher and harder for outsiders to breach. That might help American firms reduce what is now a trade deficit in high-tech goods, without doing so at the expense of the country's security.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs.

Reported by Christopher Redman/Paris and Elaine Shannon/Washington

You Thought Monday Was Bad?

The day after the market crash was perhaps more dangerous

Black Monday—Oct. 19—is already notorious as the darkest day in Wall Street history. With good reason: the record 508-point, 22.6% plunge in the Dow Jones industrial average highlighted a disaster that wiped out \$500 billion in shareholder assets. The very next day, however, the Dow posted a record 102-point gain. So within 24 hours, everything was suddenly upbeat again, right?

Wrong, according to an in-depth investigation of the crash by the *Wall Street Journal*. A front-page *Journal* story last week asserted that the market came close-

that make up the 30-stock Dow average, including IBM and Merck, could not be traded because there were simply no buyers for them. Major investment-banking firms urged John Phelan, chairman of the New York Stock Exchange, to shut the exchange to allow the market time to recover. But Phelan refused. "If we close it, we would never open it," he said.

Decisive action by regulators and major investment banks halted the market's downward spiral and apparently prevented a catastrophe. First, the Federal Reserve pumped dollars into the banking system—a clear signal to nervous traders that the U.S. Government was bent on averting a collapse. Meanwhile, the *Journal* says, E. Gerald Corrigan, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, telephoned many top bankers to urge them to provide credit to securities firms.

The real turning point, however, may have been a wild upward tick in a little-known stock index: futures contract traded on the Chicago Board of Trade. Buying or selling such a contract amounts to a wager on which way the market is going. In this case, the bet was based on the Major Market Index, a group of blue-chip stocks similar to the Dow average. In a five-minute period after 12:30 p.m. on Terrible

Tuesday, MMI futures staged their most powerful rally in history, achieving what the *Journal* calls the "equivalent of a lightning-like 360-point rise in the Dow."

The article cited a study of trading patterns suggesting that a group of major investment houses, the identities of which are not known, made a concentrated—and perhaps desperate—effort to buy up MMI futures and turn around the market. Because futures are bought largely on credit, the buyers were apparently able to pour enough money into the contracts to generate a substantial move in their price. Word of the Chicago rally quickly spread to New York, helping spark the phoenix-like revival on the Big Board.

It was, in short, a close call. But the *Journal* article warns that the near disaster on the day after the dizzying crash "raises the specter that such a crisis could strike again." Perhaps most worrisome of all is that the stock market shot down on that Monday and up again on Tuesday without any compelling political or economic event serving as the trigger. Should a war, assassination or other crisis of serious proportions strike, no one really knows just what it might do to the world's shaky markets.

—By Gordon Back



The New York exchange on Terrible Tuesday

"If we close it, we would never open it."

er to "total meltdown" the day after the crash than it had on Black Monday. TERRIBLE TUESDAY, the *Journal's* headline writers dubbed the dreadful day, Oct. 20 "was the most dangerous day we had in 50 years." Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn was quoted as saying, "The fact we didn't have a meltdown doesn't mean we didn't have a breakdown."

Terrible Tuesday began with traders in a state of despair and got worse. Banks that normally lend heavily to securities dealers had stopped doing so. Some even called in major loans, which edged a number of securities firms perilously close to financial ruin. The crunch came at midday: trading in stocks, options and futures in a variety of markets virtually shuttered to a halt. Many blue-chip issues



Phelan

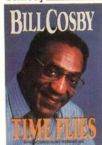


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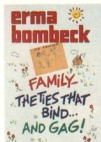


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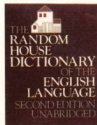


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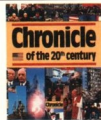


T'was the night

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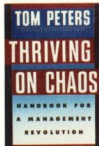


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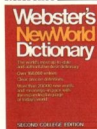
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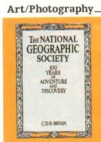


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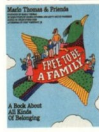


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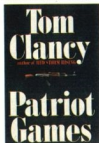
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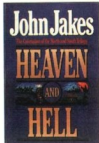
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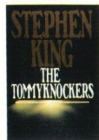
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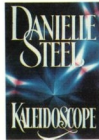


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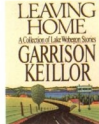
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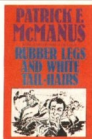
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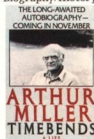


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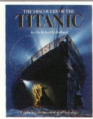


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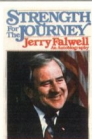
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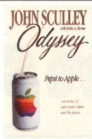
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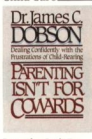


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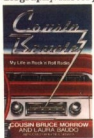
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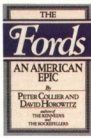
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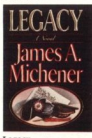


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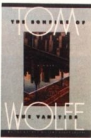


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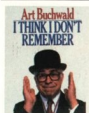


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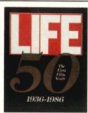
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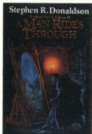
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Editorial reprinted from the New York Sun, Sept. 21, 1897

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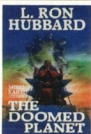
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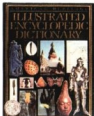


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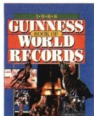
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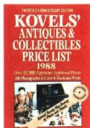


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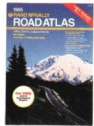


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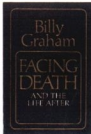
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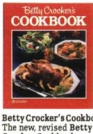


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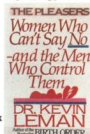


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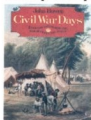
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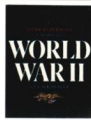
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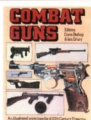
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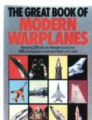


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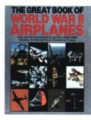
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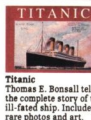
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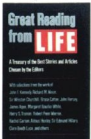


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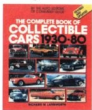
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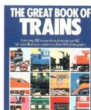
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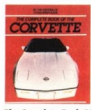
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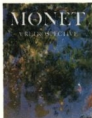
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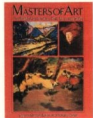
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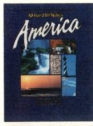
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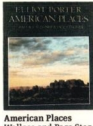
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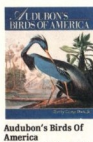
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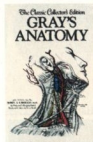
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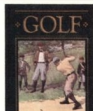
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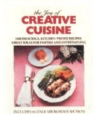
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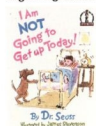


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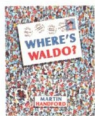
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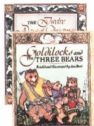
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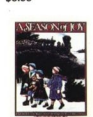
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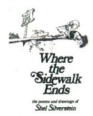
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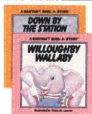
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It CAME!
Somehow or other,
it came just the same!**



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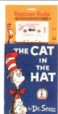
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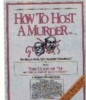
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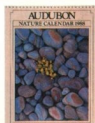
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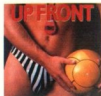
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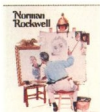
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G. Macfarren,
From a Fragment



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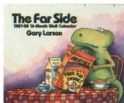
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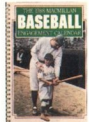
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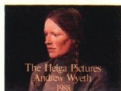
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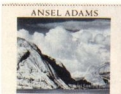


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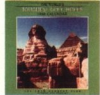
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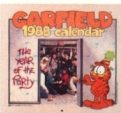
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Clement Clark Moore,
A Visit from St. Nicholas, December 1823



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Of Loose Lips and Stock Tips

Victory in the Winans case will help in snaring insider traders

The dramatic crackdown against insider trading has been haunted by a strange irony: no specific statute outlawed or even defines the crime. Using the broad antifraud provisions of federal law, prosecutors have been expanding the reach of prohibitions against insider trading on a case-by-case basis. Over the past few years they have won decisions in numerous courts, but none of those precedents have been explicitly endorsed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Last week the court came close, upholding the mail- and wire-fraud conviction of R. Foster Winans, a former *Wall Street Journal* columnist who was paid by stockbrokers to leak information about upcoming stories on particular companies. The court also let stand his conviction on a securities-law violation. Investigators had feared that an adverse decision in the Winans case could cripple their efforts to go after big-time insider traders like Ivan Boesky and Dennis Levine. The high court's action, said Gary Lynch, head of enforcement for the Securities and Exchange Commission, "is tremendous news. It's an affirmation of our insider-trading program."

But while the decision gave prosecutors a big lift, it left the law that governs insider-trading cases as murky as ever. By a vote of 8 to 0, the Supreme Court ruled that Winans had violated general laws that prohibit wire and mail fraud. On the separate issue of whether Winans had been correctly convicted of breaking federal securities laws, the court split down the middle, 4 to 4, a decision of no value as a legal precedent. Thus the court has still not settled the question of when insider trading is a violation of the securities statutes. At the same time, though, the Justices' broad interpretation of the wire- and mail-fraud laws has given companies a powerful new weapon for preventing employees from leaking all kinds of information, not only to stockbrokers but also to rival corporations and journalists.

The legal controversy over insider trading dates back at least to the beginning of the century. In 1909 the Supreme Court held that a corporate director could not legally profit from buying his company's stock based on information about the firm that he had concealed from another shareholder. But that case was too narrow to serve as a model for other insider-trading cases. The nearest thing to a definition is a provision in the Securities Exchange

Act of 1934 that prohibits using a "manipulative or deceptive device" in connection with the purchase or sale of a stock. In recent years, prosecutors have developed their own broad definition of an insider trader: almost anyone who uses information he knows to be confidential to make a profit from the stock market. This applies not only to corporate officers but to law-

to write about to two Kidder, Peabody stockbrokers, Peter Brant and Kenneth Felis. By knowing ahead of time whether a story would be favorable or unfavorable to a company, the brokers made profitable trades. Altogether, the group, which included David Carpenter, then Winans' roommate, earned about \$690,000, of which only \$30,000 went to Winans.

In court, prosecutors argued that Winans was guilty of "misappropriating" information that rightfully belonged to his employer, a violation of both securities laws and mail- and wire-fraud statutes (since the writer passed his tips by telephone). The Supreme Court agreed with regard to the mail- and wire-fraud charge. The Justices ruled that the contents of "Heard on the Street" were the "property" of the *Journal* and that Winans' misuse of the information amounted to theft.

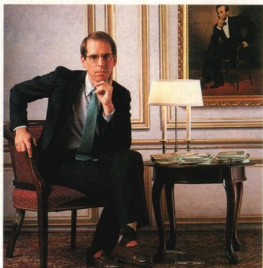
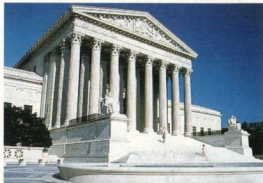
Legal experts quickly pointed out that the court's ruling could have applications far beyond insider trading. For one thing, companies may be encouraged to prosecute employees who leak confidential information to the news media. Says Richard Rowe, a Washington securities-law attorney: "The decision certainly gives firms a club to hold over their employees' heads."

Lawyers at dozens of firms, including IBM, AT&T and Honeywell, are studying the Winans case to see if it can help them discourage departing employees from passing on technological secrets to competitors. In the past, companies have tried to control such leakage of information through civil suits, but now they may pursue criminal prosecutions. "The fact that you can go to jail will have a chilling effect on what you'll take along" when leaving a job, contends Niels Reimers, director of the Office of Technology Licensing at Stanford University.

Many legal experts think that Congress should now define insider trading rather than continue to force prosecutors to use sweeping antifraud laws to make their cases. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission unveiled a long-awaited proposal for an insider-trading law. The measure would prohibit the "wrongful use" of "nonpublic information" about a company that could affect its stock price, or trading on such information that was "obtained wrongfully." While that language may not be a model of specificity, it is far less vague than current law. If Congress passes the proposal, the authorities will be able to go after insider traders with a rapier instead of a club.

—By Janice Castro.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Raji Samghabadi/New York



The writer and the court that upheld his conviction
The Justices handed down a weapon for controlling leaks.

yers, investment bankers and others who do work for companies and frequently have access to inside information.

In going after Winans, who had no relationship to the companies he wrote about, prosecutors were making their most ambitious effort yet to broaden the definition of insider trading. Winans was a regular author of "Heard on the Street," an influential *Wall Street Journal* column that can often make the stock price of a company jump or fall. In 1983 and 1984, Winans passed tips on what he intended



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Sony pays \$2 billion for pacesetter CBS Records

As a treasure-house of vital American music, no company is more valuable than CBS Records. Its labels, among them Columbia and Epic, have borne titles ranging from Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the U.S.A.* to Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, from Frank Sinatra's *Stormy Weather* to Benny Goodman's *Night and Day*. But now this repository of Americana is passing into foreign stewardship. In the largest-ever Japanese purchase of a U.S. company, CBS agreed last week to sell its record business to Sony for \$2 billion.

When Sony made its first bid for the division, offering \$1.25 billion last year, the CBS board balked. Reason: besides its cultural value, the records division is a money machine that produced \$162 million in profits last year, some 37% of CBS's total earnings. However, when Sony came back with a \$2 billion bid, the CBS directors could not refuse. President Laurence Tisch, who pushed the sale as part of his back-to-broadcasting program for CBS, apparently contended that now was the right time for CBS to get out of the recording industry, since its profits might wither in an economic downturn. Sony seemed to be the ideal buyer, as the two companies have been partners for 20 years in a Japanese label, CBS/Sony.

Even CBS Chairman William Paley went along with the deal, thus giving up an enterprise he spent

decades building. Paley started the division in 1938, when he bought a small record company for \$700,000. He hired artist Duke Ellington and Bing Crosby, among others, and introduced the first LP record in 1948. CBS took chances on new artists, signing both Bob Dylan and Springsteen when they were unknowns.

The sale of CBS's labels leaves the U.S. recording industry dominated by overseas owners. (Polygram is controlled by the Dutch, RCA by the West Germans

and Capitol by the British.) Yet in a sense, CBS Records is only passing from one revered entrepreneur, Paley, to another, Akio Morita, who is responsible for the Walkman and other breakthroughs. Morita, who favors classical music, seems determined not to mess up the good beat at CBS. His company has offered a package of some \$20 million in compensation to persuade CBS Records' bearded, brassy chief, Walter Yetnikoff, 54, to stay in his job for several more years. The sale no doubt contains some irony for Springsteen, whose songs have identified strongly with U.S. workers caught up in economic changes beyond their control. But the Springsteen camp seems pleased that Sony will not change the management. "If Yetnikoff is there, then our confidence is there," says Jon Landau, Springsteen's manager.

Perhaps the biggest question is what position Sony will take in the controversy over a new technology called digital audio tape, which can record music with the clarity of a compact disc. CBS Records has been a leading advocate of limiting the technology, contending that it would prompt more home taping and pirating, while Sony has pushed DAT as the next wave in home audio. Now the company will have an interest in both arguments. Experts believe Sony may support a compromise, in which DAT recorders would be permitted in the U.S., but would be equipped with devices designed to frustrate copycats.

—By Stephen Koepf. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Tokyo and Theodore P. Roth/New York



Morita likes his new sounds

Peso Panic

Mexico's currency plunges

After six years of economic crisis, Mexico's prospects finally seemed to brighten this year. The country's stock market became the world's fastest-rising exchange, as share prices climbed more than 649% during the first nine months of 1987. The government's foreign currency reserves swelled by 150% to a comfortable \$17 billion, the highest level of any Latin American debtor country, and a surge of exports helped the Mexicans rack up a \$6.6 billion trade surplus.

Now, just as suddenly as the financial picture turned sunny, it has clouded over again. Last week the Mexican peso began to gyrate wildly. By Friday its value had settled to about 2,700 pesos to a dollar, down 37% for the week. Supplies of dollars quickly ran out as Mexican citizens

lined up at banks to change their pesos. At week's end Mexico's Finance Minister, Gustavo Petricoli, appealed to the public on national television to remain calm.

What led to the turmoil? The trouble began in earnest with the Oct. 19 crash on Wall Street, which knocked the wind out of the Mexican stock market. Since Black



Monday, the total value of shares on the exchange has plunged by more than 70%, from \$38 billion to \$11 billion. Says Salvador Kalifa, an economic consultant from the northern city of Monterrey: "Gossip and rumors take precedence over all else. All people want is to get rid of their port-

folios." The market collapse made Mexicans nervous about the peso.

For several weeks the government propped up its currency by using its reserves of dollars to buy pesos. By last week, however, Mexican officials began to fear that they would come close to running out of greenbacks. If that happened, Mexico would be unable to pay interest on its foreign loans and obtain new credit from banks. Result: the government abruptly abandoned its support of the peso, sending the currency into a free fall.

Officials defended the strategy, saying they had acted decisively. But it is a gamble that could destroy what is left of public confidence in the Mexican economy. Even American retailers along the border who rely on Mexican patronage will probably experience reduced sales. Moreover, the falling peso will surely fan the country's raging inflation. Prices are now rising at an annual rate of 141%, the highest level in Mexican history.

Business Notes



Finance: Greenspan favors deregulation



Housing: potential buyers are skittish



Takeovers: "We'll fight all the way"

TELEPHONES

Not as Good As It Sounds

At first glance, AT&T appeared to be offering consumers a big break. The telephone giant proposed to slash its long-distance rates by an average of 3.6%. As good as it sounds, though, the move will not ultimately make much of a dent in home phone bills. AT&T said it would carry out the rate cut only if it receives reductions in the "access charges" it pays regional phone companies. These fees give AT&T the right to connect its long-distance lines to local phone systems.

But if the regional companies get less money from access charges, they could ask regulators to raise local rates to replace lost revenue. That has happened several times. Since the Bell system was broken up in 1984, AT&T has reduced its long-distance rates by 34%, but the cost of local service has risen from 40% to 60%.

HOUSING

Falling Through The Basement

More than just the stock market took a dive last month. Housing starts plunged by 8.2% in October, to an annual rate of 1.5 million, the lowest level in more than four years.

Economists blamed steep mortgage rates, which rose from a national average of about 9% in January to nearly 12% by Black Monday, Oct. 19. Since the stock-market crash, mortgage rates have dipped to just below 11%, but that does not guarantee a quick recovery in the housing market. One reason, aside from the fact that many potential customers suffered big paper losses in the market meltdown: skittish home buyers may wait to see if a recession starts, and mortgage rates go down further, before deciding whether to go after their dream house.

FINANCE

Letting Banks Run with Bulls

Four years after the market crash of 1929, Congress passed the Glass-Steagall Act, barring banks from dealing in stocks and other securities. At the time economists believed losses from stock trading helped cause the widespread bank failures of the early 1930s. So it is surprising that Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, is pushing to let banks deal in securities again despite the Oct. 19 market collapse and its stirring of memories of 1929.

Last week Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan shared his considerable backing to the Proxmire proposal,

which would permit commercial banks to establish separate units for trading securities. Greenspan told Congress that financial and technological innovations have hurt the competitiveness of commercial banks. For example, large companies that once relied on banks for credit are now much more likely to raise money by issuing securities through investment houses. Greenspan argued that commercial banks will be stronger if they are given the freedom to compete with Wall Street. Said he: "The events since Oct. 19 have not altered our view that it is necessary to proceed to modernize our financial system, and that it is possible to do so in a way that will maintain the safety and soundness of depository institutions."

TAKEOVERS

Parking Ticket For Trump?

Anyone who is tired of hearing about Real Estate Mogul Donald Trump's latest megadeal or his timely escape, unscathed, from the stock-market crash may have felt a certain satisfaction last week. According to *FTC Watch*, a biweekly newsletter that reports on the Federal Trade Commission, the agency has asked the Justice Department to prosecute the New York developer for illegal use of a "parking agreement." Under such an arrangement, a

corporate raider employs one or more third parties, like an investment bank, to help him secretly amass shares in a takeover target in violation of federal law. Trump admits he used that type of agreement with Bear Stearns during his accumulation of a 9.9% stake in Bally Manufacturing, but denies it was illegal. Should the Government press the case, Trump vows, "we'll fight all the way."

AUTOS

Th-Th-That's All, Volks

Autoworkers cheered ten years ago, when the first Volkswagen Rabbit hopped off the assembly line in Westmoreland County, Pa. It was the start of a new breed: a foreign brand built on U.S. soil by American workers. The plant's initial success helped inspire Honda, Toyota, Nissan and Mazda to open U.S. plants of their own. But last week the pioneering VW plant came to grief, a victim of growing competition in the American market. Volkswagen, whose U.S. sales have plunged from 162,005 autos in 1981 to 73,920 last year, said it would halt production at the Westmoreland site, its only American car plant. The factory will gradually phase out assembly of its two models, Jetta and Golf, putting 2,500 employees out of work by late 1988.

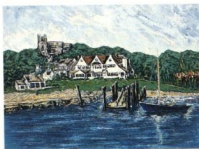
People



The human spirit wins one: Nureyev visits Moscow's Red Square

He literally leaped to freedom by jumping over an airport barricade in Paris 26 years ago. But while he has never regretted his decision to defect from the Soviet Union, Ballet Star **Rudolf Nureyev** has always hoped that he would someday be allowed to revisit his homeland. Last week Nureyev's dream came true as he spent two days with his ailing mother Farida in the industrial city of Ufa, 715 miles east of Moscow. Nureyev avoided reporters during most of the trip but did respond when asked if he thought **Mikhail Gorbachev's** rise to power was responsible for the Soviet decision to allow his visit. "Yes, perhaps; but it was in the cards, inevitable," he said. "I think the human spirit always

wins eventually." Would Nureyev like to dance again in the U.S.S.R.? "Whatever is left in me of dancing, yes, I would love to show there," he said. Nureyev may soon get that wish. As director of the Paris Opera Ballet, he hopes to return to Moscow in January to discuss a possible tour by the troupe.



A dab hand: Kennedy's *Hyannis Port Compound*

Senator **Edward Kennedy** is an old hand at canvassing for votes. It seems that he is also a dab hand at another type of canvas, the kind you stretch over frames and place on an easel. Last week Kennedy unveiled an original oil painting, titled *Hyannis Port Compound*, at a benefit dinner in Beverly Hills and invited interested parties to ante up for a copy. No fewer than 1,000 signed serigraphs of the 23-in. by 28-in. landscape depicting the Kennedy family summer homesite have been made available to the public for \$1,000 each, with the proceeds going to Very Special Arts, an arts agency for the disabled.

"President Kennedy used to say that if he hadn't been a politician, he would have been a journalist," remarked the Senator, who, with J.F.K., first took up a brush in the

1950s while the soon-to-be-President was recovering from back surgery. "If I weren't a politician, I'd probably be a painter. My politician friends think I'm a very good painter. And my painter friends think I'm a very good politician." Kennedy plans to hold on to



Aloof but jaunty: Huston in *Dust*

the original version of his picture, which normally hangs in the dining room of his Washington home. As for the \$1,000 price tag on the signed serigraphs, he joked, "I was initial-

Who's Who on the Wing

They do it for convenience or just for the sheer thrill. But whatever the reasons, a hardy group of high-powered celebrities who are also licensed pilots agree that few things on earth are better than sitting behind the controls of an airplane. "Floating around the English countryside on a July afternoon is heaven," asserts Actor **Christopher Reeve**, 35, who, between cinematic stints as Superman, streaks along in his twin-engine Beechcraft Baron. (It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a *plane!*) In the U.S., though, Reeve has had occasional brushes with disaster. About five years ago, he was flying from Burlington, Vt., to Boston in bad weather when an engine on his aircraft lost its oil. But Reeve kept his nerves of steel. "The air controller was more scared than I was," he recalls. "I managed to land it on one engine just outside Boston."

The most veddy, veddy well-bred of the jet-stream jet-setters are airborne members of Britain's Windsor family. **Prince Philip**, 66, although a navy man, took to piloting with a passion 35 years ago. Several younger royals have followed in his prop wash. **Prince Charles**, 39, who won his Royal Air Force wings at 23, has flown everything from supersonic Phantom jets to a lumbering Vulcan nuclear bomber. His younger brother **Prince Andrew**, 27, joined the British navy as a helicopter pilot in 1979 and distinguished himself during the Falklands war. Andrew's wife **Sarah**, 28, joined the flying Windsors last February, after



Faster than a speeding Beechcraft? Pilot Reeve on a Maine tarmac

earning her wings in a Piper Warrior, and thus became the first woman in the family to learn how to fly. A scant three months later, "Chatterbox One," as Fergie was nicknamed, looped the loop over Lincoln Cathedral as Andrew watched nervously from the ground. "We'll certainly qualify as a two-plane family," joked Fergie. Now she is tackling helicopters and is already

ly concerned that we were setting the price too high. But then someone told me it would take \$4,000 of these to equal one Van Gogh."

Her performance as the Mafia princess who lands a well-mannered mobster in *Prizzi's Honor* revealed Oscar-winning talent for the portrayal of shrewd, scheming women. **Anjelica Huston** is showing herself equally at home in another microcosm of savagery, Evelyn Waugh's Britain. Huston plays the freeheeling, emotionally aloof American Mrs. Rattery in the film version of Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*, now shooting in England. The independent Mrs. Rattery arrives at her English lover's friend's Gothic manor in her own biplane, rides to hounds, comforts her English host over the loss of his son and flies away again without even saying ta-ta. The novel "has always been a favorite of mine," says Huston. "I love Waugh, and this is Waugh at his most English and most ironic." As for Mrs. Rattery, Huston calls her "one of those brilliant incidentals. It's a small part, but quite meaty, as they say. I get to do a lot of sort of jaunty things." Her only re-



From the Boss to Sting, Eurythmics to U2, rock bestows *A Very Special Christmas*

gret about her time on the set is that "they wouldn't let me actually go off and hunt." Nonetheless, she notes, "there was a lot of port and cherry brandy being passed around. It's lucky any of us stayed on our horses." Gad, sir, there's a woman!

Don't expect political overtones or serious statements on *A Very Special Christmas*, a charity album that was released to radio stations worldwide last week. "The message is very simple," says Producer **Jimmy Iovine** (U2, the Pretenders). "It's the kind of

album you can play while you're putting up the Christmas tree." Play merrily, he could add. The LP features seasonal baubles from **Bruce Springsteen** and the **E Street Band** (*Merry Christmas Baby*), **Sting** (*Gabriel's Message*), **Madonna** (*Santa Baby*), **Bon Jovi** (*Back Door Santa*), **Whitney Houston** (*Do You Hear What I Hear?*), **John Cougar Mellencamp** (*I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*), **Run-D.M.C.** (*Christmas in Hollis*), the **Pointer Sisters** (*Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*), **Bryan Adams** (*Run Rudolph Run*), **Eurythmics** (*Winter Wonderland*) and **U2** (*Christmas/Baby Please Come Home*). Mellencamp, who had two vertebrae removed when he was three weeks old, had a personal motive for his involvement in the project. "When I see people in wheelchairs," he says, "I think that could have been me." So far, the album, which began appearing in record stores in October, has already raised \$2.5 million for the Special Olympics. Even the Grinch might agree that there's plenty of holiday cheer in that.

—By **Guy D. Garcia**.
Reported by **Jeannie Park/New York**, with other bureaus

flying solo in a turbine-powered Bell 206B JetRanger. Actor **Gene Hackman** was smitten with the airborne virus during his childhood. "As a kid in Illinois, I used to watch the Army Air Corps training planes," he recalls. Hackman, 56, has been known to relax between movies by going aloft over California's Mojave Desert in an aerobatic Pitts biplane. "In an open cockpit, you get a great sense of speed and atmosphere. That rush of wind in the face is unbeatable."

Golf Legend **Arnold Palmer**, 58, who is still fairly unbeatable himself, has long been nearly as skillful with a joystick as with a five-iron. "I could never play golf like I do without my own transportation," says Arnie, who drives a Cessna Citation III jet. "Anyone who has flown as much as I have has had some close calls," he observes. Some 25 years ago, he lost an engine during a takeoff in Miami. Luckily, that was on a twin-engine Aero Commander. "I just circled around and brought it back in," Palmer recalls.



Flying Windsor: Fergie in full regalia

"It scared the hell out of me." But not enough to keep him out of the cockpit.

Actor **Cliff Robertson**, 62, also prefers to take his chances in the skyways rather than on highways. "I've had more close calls in autos than I've ever had in airplanes," says Robertson, who started collecting aircraft in 1972. He has since parlayed his hobby into a business, Robertson & Associates Aviation. It owns and maintains a fleet of vintage planes, including two British De Havilland Tiger Moths, which are rented out for motion-picture stunts. Robertson's infatuation with flying machines has even inspired him to pen a few lofty lines: "Flying: freedom, an extra dimension/ flying elevates our spirit and perspective away from Earth's madness/ it lifts our soul and laughs at a joyless Earth." And leads to poetic flights of fancy.

—By **Guy D. Garcia**. Reported by **Helen Gibson/London** and **David E. Thigpen/New York**



Arnie and his Citation III

Education

Where Are All the Young Brains?

Gone to academe every one, claims a gadfly's new book

The U.S. is not a nation that commonly confers celebrity on its discordant intellectuals. Yet in the past eight months, several feisty scholars have pounded academe, as well as society in general, and seen their books turn into unlikely best sellers. University of Chicago Professor Allan Bloom in *The Closing of the American Mind* attacked U.S. universities for dereliction of their duty to educate. The University of Virginia's E.D. Hirsch Jr. in *Cultural Literacy* blasted U.S. schools for failing to teach Western culture. Latest to join the list of academic provocateurs: Russell Jacoby, a former visiting scholar at the University of California in San Diego, whose new work, *The Last Intellectuals* (Basic Books; \$18.95), argues that the U.S. is running out of what he calls public intellectuals.

That assertion now has an unintended irony in light of the three authors' public success. *Last Intellectuals* is in its second printing, and while it has not yet matched Bloom's and Hirsch's sales, it is a brisk seller and has sparked spirited debate over its thesis. America, Jacoby says, is producing no young crop of heirs to the great public writer-thinkers like H.L. Mencken and Thorstein Veblen, whose works set directions and standards 60 and 70 years ago. Nor, he notes, have successors emerged for the current senior generation of broad-gauge university scholars like David Riesman, John Kenneth Galbraith and Daniel Bell, with their insights on society and the economy.

"Name a group of important younger American critics, philosophers or historians," demands Jacoby. The fact is the naming comes hard, even on campuses, where the book has generated particular attention—as well as trivial pursuit of rebuttal candidates. At Duke, for example, a recent faculty klatch turned up isolated, fiftieth nominees such as Susan Sontag and Joan Didion, but no fresh generation.

Jacoby blames the dismantling of America's public "intellectual plant" on the linked appeal of security and specialization. Instead of standing in the cold to criticize, writes Jacoby, today's



The latest provocateur: Jacoby at home in Venice, Calif.

young brains opt for the warm but stifling blanket of academe, where 50,000 positions in 1920 have mushroomed to 700,000, many of them offering the tenured safety of \$40,000-plus salaries. On campus, he claims, innovation and creativity have been subordinated to abstruse research, cranked out to satisfy doctoral requirements or a department chairman's notions of what will advance the discipline. As one proof, the author recalls a

Modern Language Association project in which 18 scholars read *Tom Sawyer* backward to avoid being caught up in the story while they checked how often "Aunt Polly" is written as "aunt Polly."

Universities have actually grown more inimical to the sort of popular, innovative writings that Galbraith and others produced, contends Jacoby. His examples include the case of Paul Starr, 38, who rose quickly at Harvard, then was denied tenure after winning a 1984 Pulitzer Prize, the first ever awarded a sociologist. Grumbled a former departmental chairman of such popular repute: "If I want to be a free-lance journalist, then I should quit Harvard and go to be a free-lance journalist."

An unrealistic, as well as ungracious, suggestion. As Jacoby also complains, free-lance writers are already squeezed between low space rates paid by editors and high rents for space exacted by landlords. Greenwich Village, he mourns, is bare of angry young Marxists; no new Dwight Macdonald jousts with the Establishment. Public intellectualism is drying up in the city, as bohemian haunts become gentrified, driving yesterday's impoverished iconoclasts to become today's fast tenure trackers.

Unfortunately for the weight of his arguments, Jacoby, like the year's previous provokers, makes too narrow a case. He tends to confine his examples, both good and horrible, to sociology, economics and criticism. He gives history the barest brush, substantially ignores the law and has no truck with science. He thus ignores vast regions of the cerebral landscape. As Crit-

ic George Steiner observes, "Never before have the vital things been so recondite. It is not the general intellectual who enters the debate but the expert, and not in the universities but in the think tanks, the congressional staffs, and even inside government."

Jacoby is also guilty as a writer of occasionally spooning out the kind of muddy academic goulash he criticizes in others. Sample: "The zeitgeist, if not watchful, is watchful." But he has hardly practiced what he is now preaching against. At 42, he has taken leave of his sixth teaching post, with no tenure in sight. Academic friends, he reports, have praised the book, "but they have also been telling me that I've ended my academic career."

—By Ezra Bowen,
Reported by Lawrence Malkin/
Boston

Needy Kids, Perpetual Aid

In 1981 *Entrepreneur* Eugene Lang promised 61 Harlem sixth-graders he would pay their college costs if they stayed in school. As it turns out, he laid the seeds not only for their future education but

also for a host of generous imitators around the country. The latest and perhaps largest benefactor is Avron Fogelman, a Memphis real estate developer and co-owner of the Kansas City Royals. Last week Fogelman, 47, an-

nounced he would subsidize tuition perpetually for disadvantaged Memphis-area public school students who go to Memphis State University. Fogelman has put up an initial \$2.5 million, and will add some \$2 million annually over ten years. The first beneficiaries will be current seventh-graders. To receive the assistance, needy

students must, among other things, maintain passing grades and take part in some kind of public service activity. "We want to break the poverty cycle," says the donor. Philanthropically inclined tycoons, take note.



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Sexes

Season of Autumn-Summer Love

More and more women find their ideal partner in a younger man

Say the words "older woman, younger man," and the images are at once vivid and seamy. Sagging socialites clinging to ambitious gigolos. Predatory Mrs. Robinsons seducing confused innocents. At best such autumn-summer pairings have been viewed as risqué; at worst, as grotesque curiosities. Well, look again. The odd couple isn't so odd anymore. According to the National Center for Health Statistics, of the 2 million weddings performed each year in the U.S., 22% are between older women and younger men, up from 16% in 1970. "It signals a profound change in how men and women are looking at each other, and what is considered a satisfying relationship," says Writer Victoria Houston, 42, whose husband Brant is nine years her junior. Indeed, declares Psychologist Sally Peterson of New York City, far from being financially or sexually exploitative, these couplings represent the "first egalitarian heterosexual relationship."

Celebrities have been the most visible exemplars of the trend. Just a few: Mimi Rogers, 32, and Tom Cruise, 25; Debra Winger, 32, and Timothy Hutton, 27; Olivia Newton-John, 39, and Matt Lattanzi, 28. But ordinary folks are doing it in droves, as Houston observes in the recently published *Loving a Younger Man* (Contemporary Books; \$17.95). Among the couples she interviewed, Houston found that the woman is usually over 30, divorced (from an older man) and often has children. Her younger partner typically grew up with a working mother and has sisters who also have careers. "He's familiar with a woman as his peer, both intellectually and emotionally," she notes.

Spurring the trend, which is largely confined to white professionals, is the faded man crunch: single women over 35 far outnumber single men their age. According to Government statistics, nearly 40% of brides ages 35 to 44 resolve this demographic dilemma by marrying younger men. While the age difference is usually just a few years, the gap appears to be widening. In 1970 only 3.7% of brides were five years or more older than their mates, now that figure has reached 6.2%.

Perhaps more important, many women today earn substantial incomes and no longer feel compelled to marry a "good provider." In the era of Joan Collins and Linda Evans, perceptions have changed.



Cozying up: Author Victoria Houston and Husband Brant at home

"The age at which we look at women as still being attractive and sexy has risen," says Carole Lieberman, a Los Angeles psychiatrist.

Women who have chosen younger mates point to several advantages. "Younger men take for granted the philosophy that I subscribe to. They expect a woman to pick up a check as quickly as they would," says Shelly Mandell, 45, a lawyer in Los Angeles. "It doesn't insult their manhood if we make more money than they do." Nor do young partners feel threatened by a woman's aggressiveness in the bedroom. As a result, women contend, sex is better, more inventive. Though such pairings have long been regarded as "unnatural," supporters argue that they are biologically astute. Since men reach their sexual peak around the age of 20, and women attain theirs in the



LoDolce and Takaya in Mar Vista, Calif.

Continuing compatibility, not looks.

30s, sex drives are better matched. Says Jessica Myers, 43, a fund raiser in Trenton who is married to Editor Richard Carlin, 31: "These relationships make sense because women live longer."

Younger men cite the easing of both economic and sexual pressure on them as a double attraction of the older woman. They claim that mature partners offer an emotional stability that women their own age often lack. Notes Carlin: "Jessica stuck with me at a time when I was really floundering around. A younger woman might not have had the patience."

There are some problems. Couples first have to deal with their own doubts. "Over half the men and the women will tell you they don't think the relationship is going to last because of the age difference," says Houston. Often they must also cope with the hostility of family, friends and colleagues. Nancy LoDolce, 42, a Los Angeles real estate manager, regularly gets ribbed by a co-worker about her marriage to Clayton Takaya, 29. "I tell him, 'If your marriage is a fraction as good as my marriage, what do I care?' That shuts him up very quickly."

For many of these couples, the question of having children becomes the greatest source of friction. The age gap often forces an accelerated decision. "I didn't think I was ready to be a father a year ago, but Peggy was 39," says Shawn Baca, 26, a Miami Beach intern whose wife, also an intern, gave birth three months ago. Then, too, younger men who initially insist they do not want children of their own occasionally change their minds. That can prompt a crisis if their wives are beyond childbearing age.

Partners must adjust to being at different passages of life. While his wife is already thinking about retirement, Takaya, an insurance-company executive, has no such plans: "I'm more carefree with my money; retirement is way out there." Older women often harbor a gnawing fear: Will they eventually be abandoned for the proverbial younger woman? Many admit they work harder at the health club to remain attractive to their younger mates. LoDolce concedes that she would not rule out a face-lift. But all emphasize that it is continuing compatibility, not additional wrinkles, that matter in the long run. Declares Kate Jacobs Mitrone, 39, of Cincinnati, whose husband of two years is now 29: "He'll leave me because I'm a bitchy woman long before he'll leave me because I'm older." —By Anastasia Toufexis.

Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and D. Blake Hallanan/New York

Press



The media gathered for Hart's announcement that revelations have ended his campaign: Peeping Toms or proper scrutiny?

Rethinking the Fair Game Rules

"A lot of respected journalistic guts are saying 'Whoa!'"

The scorecard on the still young 1988 election cycle would have been inconceivable a generation ago: two presidential candidates already dispatched by fatal headlines, several others wounded, a few discouraged from entering. As recently as the 1960s, journalistic convention protected the private lives of politicians except under unusual circumstances. Now any behavior that would earn demerits for a boy scout seems fair game. But is that fair? Last week this trend was prompting some healthy reappraisal that might save campaign '88 from runaway triviality. As James Gannon, editor of the *Des Moines Register*, puts it: "A lot of respected journalistic guts are saying 'Whoa!'"

Not to the press's proper occupation of examining candidates but to an increasing preoccupation with finding minute character flaws. The event that was giving pause to Gannon and others was the recent addition of marijuana use—no matter when it occurred—as a *scandale du jour*. The tendency to press excess was visible in a little-noted but unforgettable moment on Nov. 7, as all six candidates gathered in Des Moines for the Iowa Democrats' Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, ready to discuss the issues. That same day Douglas Ginsburg's nomination to the Supreme Court went up in marijuana smoke, and the politicians were forced to hack through thickets of have-you-ever interrogation. Two (Al Gore and Bruce Babbitt) volunteered that they had. When it was Richard Gephardt's turn at the

pressroom ritual, he restated his lifelong purity concerning controlled substances. Then a question shouted from the back row: Why didn't you smoke marijuana? If he could not be nailed as a pothead, then he would be tagged a nerd.

It has been a season of unprecedented questioning, which began when Gary Hart was asked in a press conference, "Have you ever committed adultery?" Soon reporters were talking about who else would be asked the A question. And then the M question. Few candidates summoned the nerve to rebel, as Alexander Haig did on a CNN interview when asked why he was "touchy" about the pot issue. "I'm not touchy about it at all," he replied with a Haigian glare. "But if you ask me if I [used marijuana], I'm going to tell you it's none of your damn business."

That is exactly the response proposed by the *Miami Herald's* Tom Fiedler, who was the lead reporter in the stakeout that broke the Gary Hart-Donna Rice story. Last week Fiedler wrote in a column that the "character issue" was now being carried to "absurd" lengths. David Broder of the *Washington Post*, the paper that delivered the final blow to Hart, also fretted. "It's time to slow down and take another look at what we're doing," Broder wrote, "before more damage is done."

New evidence that readers agree came last week, when the *Times Mirror* company published the latest installment of its "People, Press & Politics" survey. Two-thirds of the 1,501 Americans polled

by the Gallup Organization said journalists had gone "too far" in reporting the Hart-Rice story. The same proportion disapproved of the revelation about the date of Pat Robertson's wedding, which occurred after his first child was conceived. But significant pluralities felt that the press had "acted properly" in reporting Joe Biden's plagiarism as well as the role of Michael Dukakis' campaign staff in Biden's downfall.

Whatever the results, editors and network-news producers can hardly trim their political coverage to the public's comfort level. If the press has greater influence on election campaigns, one reason is that political parties have less clout. When smoke from cigars rather than joints polluted the political ethos, party bosses tended to vet candidates at an early stage. Executive Editor Max Frankel of the *New York Times* argued at a Barnard College seminar that "there is an overwhelming interest in who these characters are who are nominating themselves and coming at us so fast. The press and television are playing the filtering role that the parties used to play."

Though that has been true for the past four elections, the particular dynamics of 1988 compound the effect. It is a period when no war, recession or other single visceral issue dominates public concerns. Most of the dozen active contenders have had difficulty defining policy niches that set them apart from their competitors. Instead they run essentially on the claim that "I am the best." This cues reporters to use ever more powerful microscopes to study the contention. And since campaigning now starts two years before the first caucus, with no real events in the in-

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Press

terim by which to judge the contest, journalists are drawn to examining the horses rather than the horse race.

Washington Attorney Leonard Garment believes reporters are still in thrall to the mentality born during Watergate. The press, along with Congress and the special-prosecutor system, is "caught up in a vast game of 'gotcha!'" he says. "It's how reputations are made." Few journalists like to admit to the dark side of competitive spirit, but it is there. The *Register's* Gannon observes, "When you see the *Herald's* 'score' on Hart and then a couple of others on Biden, there's a certain amount of feeling along the line of 'I want my big story.'"

Though some editors, like Frankel, contend that the press has "nothing to apologize for" because the "issue is the character and nature of our public officials," others feel anguish about the curdling effect on political debate. One undesirable consequence is that able candidates may pass up the fray. The prospect of intrusive coverage ransacking family history seems to have been a factor in discouraging several "possibles" from becoming "actuals," including New York Governor Mario Cuomo, Ohio Governor Richard Celeste and Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers. In interviews with young potential leaders, the *New York Times* last week found unease. "If things keep going this way," said Harvard Law School Student Andrea Kramer, "I would think twice before running for office. The standards are impossible."

No hard-and-fast rules could ever gain unanimous backing from individual-



Ginsburg pursued after news of his pot past: bad if you did, nerd if you didn't

istic reporters, but the time is at hand for testing predictable, if rough, new boundaries. Stephen Hess, a Brookings Institution scholar who analyzes the collision of newsies and pots, thinks a "self-correcting mechanism" is beginning to work, by which journalists will "pick and grope their way" to balance. If so, at least two criteria merit consideration in any new equation: relevance and proportion.

Hart's extracurricular activities, for instance, flouted convention so recklessly that they have to be judged relevant to his fitness for the White House, however much the public might view the story as Peeping Tomism. Further, though he knew that he in particular would get close scrutiny, Hart practiced his high-risk lifestyle after becoming a serious candidate. The occasional use of pot by Gore and Babbitt years previously, when it was common among young people, may have

ten weeks before their son was born, the information was contained in two sentences midway through a long profile, where it belonged. Then the *Washington Post*, which had done a detailed story pointing out other discrepancies in Robertson's bio, used that new fact as the centerpiece of a second front-page piece making much of how he had misled the *Post* about the wedding date.

Overkill is as unavailing as timidity. The 1987 booby prize in the proportion category goes to the *Boston Herald*. In covering Dukakis' belated admission that his aides had leaked the anti-Biden tapes, the tabloid devoted 18 articles to the subject, consuming all the news space in the first eleven pages of its Oct. 1 edition. With that degree of excess in the system, the groping toward common sense discerned by Stephen Hess clearly has a way to go. —By Laurence I. Barrett/Washington

Milestones

SENTENCED. Daniel Walker, 65, Governor of Illinois from 1973 to 1977; to a seven-year federal prison term following his conviction in August for fraud and perjury; in Chicago. The silver-haired Democrat had won election as a reformer.

RECOVERING. Betty Ford, 69, former First Lady and recent author (*Betsy: A Glad Awakening*); from quadruple-bypass surgery; in Rancho Mirage, Calif. She plans to celebrate Thanksgiving at home with her family.

RECOVERING. Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill Jr., 74, former Massachusetts Democratic Congressman, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and current best-selling author (*Man of the House*); from surgery for rectal cancer; in Boston.

DIVORCED. Lee Iacocca, 63, Chrysler Corp. chairman; and Peggy Iacocca, 37, former

flight attendant; after 19 months of marriage; in suburban Detroit. Last week's settlement reportedly awards Peggy nearly \$3 million. Her husband's 1986 earnings in salary, stock options and bonuses topped \$20 million.

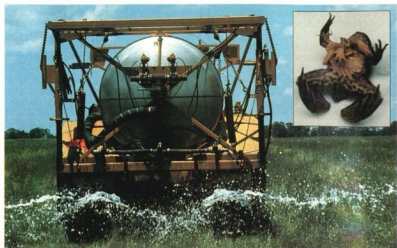
DIED. James ("Big Jim") Folsom, 79, Alabama Governor from 1947 to 1951 and 1955 to 1959, of a heart attack; at home in Cullman, Ala. The 6-ft. 8-in. Folsom campaigned as the "little man's big friend" and stumped for Governor with a band called the Strawberry Pickers. Known for racial moderation, he once scandalized Montgomery's white society by having a drink with black Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. at the executive mansion.

DIED. Antoine Magnin, 86, bearded, irascible doyen of French chefs and longtime proprietor of L'Ami Louis, a tiny (twelve tables) bistro near the Beaubourg; in Par-

is. Magnin cooked over only a wood stove, scorned nouvelle cuisine, and became famous for such hearty regional fare as fresh foie gras, partridge, pheasant and roast spring lamb. "I am too old to get used to a new life," he said in 1982. "This is all I know. I shall retire only when I get to paradise."

ENTOMBED. Kate Smith, brassy-voiced singer whose stirring rendition of *God Bless America* and other anthems and songs made her a heroine in the 1930s and '40s; in Lake Placid, N.Y. Although Smith died in June 1986, at 77, her wish for a "mausoleum sufficient to contain my remains alone" clashed with the rules of St. Agnes parish, which forbids above-ground burials. Her remains were kept in a vault until a compromise was reached. Smith now rests in a smaller tomb than planned, inscribed with F.D.R.'s words, "This is Kate Smith. This is America."

Environment



Treated radioactive waste being sprayed on open fields. Inset, deformed frog found nearby

Making Fertilizer from What?

A uranium processor's novel experiment starts a national furor

Two years ago Justin Suddeth, then 14, found a deformed, nine-legged frog at a pond near the Sequoyah Fuels plant in Gore, Okla. In 1981 an eyeless baby girl was born to parents living a few miles from the same plant. The National Cancer Institute has reported that the leukemia rate for white men in counties surrounding Sequoyah Fuels is five percentage points higher than the national average. Is there a connection? Local residents think so: Sequoyah Fuels processes uranium concentrate into ingredients for bombs and nuclear-power-plant fuel. The factory has been cited in the past for safety lapses, including a 1986 leak that killed one worker and released toxic uranium hexafluoride gas into the environment. Moreover, it is owned by Kerr-McGee, the Oklahoma City-based company implicated in the radioactive contamination of 73 workers at another facility—the case uncovered in 1974 by the late Karen Silkwood.

But if Kerr-McGee hoped its \$1.38 million settlement with Silkwood's heirs had lifted the cloud of controversy from its operations, the furor that erupted last week dashed that hope. A spate of news reports revealed that Sequoyah has for more than a decade, with Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) approval, been converting radioactive wastewater, called raffinate, into fertilizer and spraying it over company-owned fields.

Hay grown on the fields has then been sold as feed to farmers and ranchers. Nearby residents charge that the fertilizer may be contaminating the Arkansas River and the water table near the Oklahoma-Arkansas border. Local veterinarian Gary Johnson is concerned that the "hay is getting into the food chain." Jessie Deer In Water, who chairs the local Native Americans for a Clean Environment, calls it the "ultimate in cheap waste disposal."

Nonsense, responds Kerr-McGee Spokesman Rick Pereles. "Our product is no more dangerous than normal fertilizer." Indeed, company tests show the sub-

stance to be no higher in radioactivity or most toxic heavy metals than many other fertilizers. Aberrations like the freak frog occur naturally, note company officials; no one has conclusively linked the product to environmental or health problems.

Sequoyah has been converting its wastewater into fertilizer since 1973 by chemically removing most of the uranium and heavy metals and adding potash and phosphate during application. The liquid was first tested on small plots of company land. In the early 1980s the NRC, finding "no adverse environmental impacts," authorized more widespread testing. That assessment was circulated to the Food and Drug Administration, the Environmental Protection Agency and the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and each passed it with no comments.

It is just this seemingly lackadaisical review process that concerns critics. According to Oklahoma Congressman Mike Synar, who headed an investigation of the 1986 incident, the EPA and other agencies tend to defer to the NRC in matters involving radioactive materials. But the NRC, he says, "fixes almost exclusively on the radioactive, not chemical, hazards," which may be more to the point in this case. State efforts to regulate the spraying have meanwhile been stymied by jurisdictional questions, which were finally resolved last spring, when the Oklahoma water resources board asserted its right to address the possible threat to groundwater. Its decision on whether the spraying can continue is expected in the spring. "The question is whether raffinate is toxic," says Board Spokesman Brian Vance. "We don't know that yet."

Indeed, the only information available about the fertilizer comes from its manufacturer. According to Herschel Elliott, an agricultural engineer at Penn

State University, data released so far inadequately address organic pollutants, in which case, he says, "we should look for mutagenic and carcinogenic effects." Elliott notes that the studies show near unsafe levels of molybdenum. Such heavy metals can cause birth defects.

Even if there are no such dangers, the public relations fallout for Kerr-McGee might be worrisome—except that the company announced last week an agreement in principle to sell the Sequoyah operation to GA Technologies of San Diego. The agreement's scheduling, says Pereles, is "absolutely coincidental." But for Kerr-McGee, smarting from its earlier run-ins with an angry public, it may have come just in time.

—By Michael D. Lemonick
Reported by Barbara Dolan/Chicago

The Cactus Snatchers

From Southern California to Texas, towering saguaros on front lawns are the hottest thing since plastic pink flamingos. The demand has encouraged an illicit industry: cactus rustling. Many of the specimens bought by homeowners and collectors have been stolen from Government-owned wilderness lands. In Arizona last year more than 200 thieves were fined or given warn-

ings for digging up a variety of state-protected species, most of which have shallow roots. Conservationists are now lobbying for stricter state and federal laws to stop poachers, who are lured by substantial profits. Saguaro, which can take more than 100 years to grow to 6 ft., routinely sell for \$10 per ft. in height plus \$50 an arm—and can fetch ten times that amount in Europe and Japan. For instance, a rare 19-ft. crested saguaro lifted from Quartzsite, Ariz., turned up in a Las Vegas nursery with a \$15,000 price tag.



Hot item

COVER STORY

Out in the Open

Changing attitudes and new research give fresh hope to alcoholics

Just before the Betty Ford Center opened in the affluent desert town of Rancho Mirage, Calif., in 1982, neighbors ventured out across their well-manicured lawns to ask the staff a few questions. "Will there be bars on the windows?" they wanted to know. "Will they get out and go drinking in the neighborhood?" The answer in each case was of course no, but the questions reveal a familiar attitude toward alcoholics: many people thought of them as hardly better than criminals or at the very least disturbed and bothersome people. But at the same time the fact that a sanatorium for alcoholics had been started by a former

First Lady who openly admitted to a drinking problem signaled that a hopeful change was in the air. Since then, a stream of recovering alcoholics, among them such celebrities as Elizabeth Taylor, Jason Robards and Liza Minnelli, have stepped forward to tell their stories with bracing candor—of being caught in the vortex of alcoholism, of taking the strenuous route to sobriety offered in therapy and of regaining their health and self-respect. The long process of recovering from alcohol abuse, which experts insist never ends, suddenly began to get favorable notices.

Today, in treatment centers nationwide, patients are getting a message of

openness and hope. In his therapy sessions, John Wallace, director of treatment at Edgemoor Newport, a center in Newport, R.I., explains that alcoholism is a disease with a genetic basis, and nothing to be ashamed of. "I ask how many had a close alcoholic relative," he says, "and 95% raise their hands. That astonishes them." He describes the latest theories about neurochemical imbalances that make an alcoholic incapable of drinking normally. "They are really fascinated," he says. "It takes away a lot of their guilt and makes them less defensive."

In ways unimaginable ten years ago, the shadow that has obscured the truth about



alcohol has begun to lift. There is encouraging news, and it is substantial. "Silence is each day giving way to courage," Otis Bowen, Secretary of Health and Human Services, said recently, "and shame to strength." Evident all around is a busy sense of awakening. Children are learning about the perils of alcohol in school through slogans like "Get Smart, Don't Start—Just Say No." The accumulated scientific findings of the past decade are having a major impact on the public. Recently a Gallup poll found that a great majority of American adults are convinced that alcoholism is indeed an illness rather than a sign of moral backsliding. In that, they have the support of the American Medical Association, which 21 years ago formally declared alcoholism a disease. At that time, only a handful of programs, such as Hazelden in Minnesota, offered treatment for alcoholics. Since then medical centers and treatment programs have proliferated across the country. There are more than 7,000 treatment programs, a 65% increase in the past six years alone. Partly because of the new spotlight on the dangers of alcohol, Americans are beginning to moderate their drinking habits: consumption of alcohol peaked in 1981 and has since declined by 5%. In many social circles today, the big drinker stands out like W.C. Fields at a temperance meeting.

The most exciting developments in the battle against alcoholism are taking place

in the nation's laboratories, where scientists and medical researchers are probing its neurochemical roots and hunting for genes that may influence its development. Next month researchers from six national laboratories will meet in New York City to coordinate their search through human DNA for the genes that may underlie alcoholism. If they are successful, doctors may one day be able to test young people for certain genetic markers, the chromosomal quirks that predispose some individuals to alcoholism, and warn those who are at risk of developing the disease. Says Henri Begleiter, professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York Health Science Center and president of the Research Society on Alcoholism: "Never in the history of alcoholism have we made as much progress as we have in recent years."

For the 18 million Americans with serious drinking problems, life is a runaway roller coaster that, left untended, inevitably leads to disaster. "It ruins everything that matters to you," says New York Times Reporter Nan Robertson, a recovered alcoholic. "In the end, the bottle is your only friend. Alcoholics would rather do anything than stop drinking." For the vast majority of Americans, the occasional social drink is a harmless affair. For the afflicted, however, the most innocent gathering of family or friends—a wedding at a suburban

country club, a casual gathering on an urban sidewalk—can turn into a nightmare of temptation, indulgence and worse. Recalls a youthful recovering alcoholic: "My biggest fear was getting through life without a drink. Today it is that I might pick up that one sucker drink."

The stakes are high. Alcoholism claims tens of thousands of lives each year, ruins untold numbers of families and costs \$117 billion a year in everything from medical bills to lost workdays. The magnitude of the problem has been overshadowed in recent years by the national preoccupation with the new threat of AIDS and the widespread use of drugs such as heroin, cocaine, marijuana and crack. "Take the deaths from every other abused drug," says Loran Archer, deputy director of the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism (NIAAA) in Washington. "Add them together, and they still don't equal the deaths or the cost to society of alcohol alone."

Alcoholism's toll is frightening. Cirrhosis of the liver kills at least 14,000 alcoholics a year. Drunk drivers were responsible for approximately half the 46,000 driving fatalities in the U.S. in 1986. Alcohol was implicated in up to 70% of the 4,000 drowning deaths last year and in about 30% of the nearly 30,000 suicides. A Department of Justice survey estimates that nearly a third of the nation's 523,000 state-prison inmates drank heavily before committing rapes, burglaries and assaults.



Medicine



As many as 45% of the country's more than 250,000 homeless are alcoholics.

Despite all the advances in knowledge and attitudes, plus the deluge of books, movies and television programs on alcoholism, the cartoon image of the cross-eyed drunk slumped in the gutter or staggering through the front door still lingers in the minds of some Americans. Not long ago many believed, as two researchers put it in the 1950s, that "alcoholism is no more a disease than thieving or lynching." Such attitudes are fading fast, to be sure, but not without leaving a residue of ambivalence. Says LeClair Bissell, 59, a recovered alcoholic and physician: "At the same time we say through our lips that alcoholism is a chronic disease, many of us feel in our guts that it's a moral or self-inflicted problem."

Yet it is a disease, and it can be a ruinously expensive one. A four-week drying-out regimen can cost anywhere from \$4,000 to \$20,000 for in-patient care; today medical insurance covers the tab for 70% of American workers in companies with more than 100 employees. In the early 1970s, the Kemper Group of Long Grove, Ill., was the first national insurance company to include coverage for alcoholism in all its group policies. The firm's hunch: the bill for helping an alcoholic quit today would be cheaper than nursing him through afflictions like cirrhosis of the liver and strokes later in life. The logic of acting sooner rather than later has since spread throughout corporate America. Some 10,000 firms and public agencies, including 70% of the FORTUNE 500 companies, now have employee-assistance programs to help alcohol and drug abusers pull their lives together and get back to work. "Before this," says William Durkin, employee assistant manager at ARCO, "the normal handling was to tolerate the alcoholic employee until he became intolerable and then to fire him."

Progress in the actual treatment of alcoholism is disappointing. Most facilities still rely on basic therapies worked out in the 1940s. Though some centers advertise grossly exaggerated success rates of 70% after four years, the best estimates are that only 12% to 25% of patients manage to stay on the wagon for three years. Alcoholics Anonymous, the tremendously popular association of an estimated 1 million recovering alcoholics, remains the single biggest source of support for chronic drinkers. But its record is hard to assess because of members' anonymity. Even so, only 15% to 20% of alcoholics get any treatment at all. Says Enoch Gordis, director of the NIAAA: "Something very important is still missing here."

Simultaneously, another shadowy fact of life about alcoholics has been dragged into the light: the severe emotional scars they leave on their spouses and especially on their children. "Years ago the focus fell solely on the alcoholic," says Carol, a mother of four and wife of an alcoholic. "Nobody identified the needs of the fam-

ily." Indeed, alcohol abuse accounts for more family troubles than any other single factor. A Gallup poll this year found that one in four families reported a problem with liquor at home, the highest reported rate since 1950 and twice the 1974 rate. According to Health Secretary Bowen, alcohol is the culprit in 40% of family-court cases and accounts for between 25% and 50% of violence between spouses and a third of child-molestation incidents.

Though awareness of alcoholism's destructiveness is growing, the sheer number of alcoholics shows no sign of abating. Young people are especially vulnerable. Bowen states that nearly 5 million adolescents, or three in every ten, have drinking problems. Several studies show that children are beginning to drink earlier than ever before, and a *Weekly Reader* study earlier this year reported that 36% of fourth-graders were pressured by peers to drink. "Kids are making decisions about alcohol and drugs when they are 12 to 14, whereas in the preceding generation they made those decisions at ages 16 to 18," says Lee Dogoloff, executive director of the American Council for Drug Education. "The younger a person starts drinking, the more likely he is to develop problems later in life."

Who, exactly, is an alcoholic? The question is a tricky one: symptoms are not always clear cut, and even doctors do not agree on a definition of the disease. The extreme cases are obvious. A person in the grip of alcoholism blacks out from drinking too much, suffers memory loss, and wakes up trembling with craving for another drink. But most cases show fewer dramatic symptoms. Also, the behavior of alcoholics fluctuates wildly. Some drink heavily every day, while others can stop for brief periods, only to go off on binges. This past year the American Psychiatric Association settled on three basic criteria to define and diagnose alcoholism: physiological symptoms, such as hand tremors and blackouts; psychological difficulties, which include an obsessive desire to drink; and behavioral problems that disrupt social or work life.

The search for alcoholism's genetic underpinnings began in earnest in the early 1970s with a simple question: Why does the disease seem to run in families? Dr. Donald Goodwin, chairman of the psychiatry department at the University of Kansas School of Medicine, set about seeking an answer by studying 133 Danish men who were all adopted as small children and raised by nonalcoholics. Goodwin divided his subjects into two categories: those with nonalcoholic biological parents and those with at least one alcoholic parent. Then he interviewed each of the adopted men in depth and examined health records to see which of them developed alcoholism in adulthood. If the disease had a genetic basis, Goodwin reasoned, then the children who had an alcoholic biological parent would wind up with drinking problems more often than the others.

His findings were startling. The sons

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

THE BRAIN

Brain cells are altered, and many die. Memory formation is blocked, and the senses are dulled. In the long term, irreversible damage occurs.

STOMACH & INTESTINES

Alcohol can trigger bleeding, and has been linked to cancer.

CEREBELLUM

Physical coordination is impaired.

HEART

Deterioration of the heart muscle can occur.

THE LIVER

The liver suffers more than any other organ. It filters most of the alcohol out of the bloodstream and breaks it down. Because of its high caloric content, alcohol displaces key nutrients, sometimes causing malnutrition.

Excess calories are stored in the liver as fat. This is one of the earliest signs of alcoholic liver disease.

Eventually the liver cells die, resulting in cirrhosis, a degeneration of the organ.

THE IMMUNE SYSTEM

Infection-fighting cells are prevented from functioning properly, and the risk of viral or bacterial diseases is increased.

REPRODUCTION

In men hormone levels change, causing lower sex drive and enlarged breasts. Women's menstrual cycles become irregular, and their ovaries malfunction. Pregnant women face the risk of bearing children with birth defects.

TIME Diagram by Joe Lertola

of alcoholics turned up with drinking problems four times as often as the sons of nonalcoholics. That result helped put to rest the popular assumption that alcoholics took up drinking simply because they learned it at home or turned to it because of abuse suffered at the hands of an alcoholic parent. The study, however, did not rule out environmental factors. Indeed, scientists now estimate that fully 30% of alcoholics have no family history of the disease. But Goodwin showed that some inherited attribute was involved. "What we learned from the adoption studies," says Dr. C. Robert Cloninger, a professor of psychiatry at Washington University in St. Louis, "is not that nature was important or nurture was important but that both are important."

But it was still far from clear how hereditary and environmental factors combine to create an alcoholic. In the early 1980s, Cloninger joined a team of Swedish investigators led by Michael Bohman, a psychiatrist at the University of Umeå, to study an even larger group of adoptees. Since Sweden's extensive welfare system keeps thorough records on each citizen, Bohman was able to compile detailed sketches of 1,775 adopted men and women, more than a third of whom had an alcoholic biological parent. As Cloninger studied

the health, insurance, work and police records of his subjects, two distinct categories seemed to emerge—and with them new evidence that alcoholism may have more than one form.

Cloninger's first group of alcoholics, about 25% of the total, tended to drink heavily before the age of 25, had bad work and police records and met with little success in treatment programs. Drinking was a habit they seemed to pick up on their own, with little encouragement from friends or other influences. When Cloninger checked how often alcoholism appeared in the sons of men who fit this description, he found it surfaced nine times as often as in the general population. This variation of the disease, Cloninger concludes, is heavily influenced by heredity. Because it appears primarily in men, he calls this form "male limited" alcoholism.

The second type included both men and women and made up about 75% of the study's alcoholics. They started



chronic drinking usually well after the age of 25, rarely had trouble with the law, and often successfully kicked the habit. Their children were only twice as likely to have trouble with alcohol compared with the general population. Cloninger labeled this category of alcoholism "milieu limited."

Diary of a Drunk

What is it like to suffer from alcoholism? The writer of the following article, who spent 28 days in a treatment center in the Northeastern U.S., offers his reflections:

Dying of alcoholism normally takes years. But before a final, prolonged bout of uncontrolled drinking caused my physical collapse and led to treatment, there was no doubt I was well on my way. My appearance was shocking. I was about 20 lbs. underweight and malnourished, the result of giving up almost all forms of food except coffee, sugar and, of course, alcohol. I was in the early stages of delirium tremens, the DTs. I sometimes heard faint ringing noises in my ears and suffered unexpected waves of vertigo. I felt near constant pressure in my lower back and sides from the punishment my liver and kidneys were taking. My personality was also seriously diseased. I was nervous, reclusive, by turns extravagantly arrogant and cringingly apologetic. I tried to cover my extremes of mood with brittle cheerfulness, even though I was desperately afraid. If you asked me how I was feeling, I usually lied. "Just fine."

I now see "just fine" as a key phrase that encompassed my diseased physical and mental condition. At the nadir, my addiction to a chemical that was killing me was nearly complete. I knew that something was very wrong with me. I even knew I was an alcoholic, but I had long since come to believe there was nothing I could do about it. I had decided that it was perfectly appropriate—just fine—that I should die. In fact, I honestly hoped that I would, sparing further grief for many people I loved. Dying, I thought, was the best thing I could ever do for them. The idea of living without alcohol could not occur to me. I preferred the idea that I was a hopeless case.

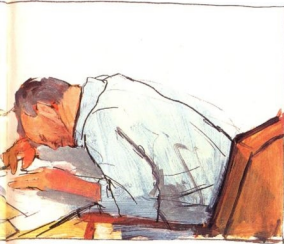
No one finds alcoholism more mysterious than the suffering alcoholic, and I was no exception. I had no idea why I was an alcoholic at all, though I should have: my father was one. But from his illness I had gained only a morbid fear of the substance,

which lasted until I reached college. I would never touch the stuff. That prolonged abstinence while my adolescent peers experimented with liquor only made what happened to me more mystifying. I thought I could take alcohol or leave it.

Why did I ever start to drink at all? The short answer is that initially it made me feel better. Alcohol numbed my self-awareness, the same trick that it performs for nonalcoholic drinkers at cocktail parties. The difference is that normal drinkers dull their self-consciousness only slightly, the better to socialize. I very quickly tried to send all my thoughts and feelings about myself to oblivion. Psychologically, I was undoubtedly depressed when I began to overcome my well-founded but ill-understood fears about alcohol: my father died when I was a sophomore. For whatever reason, I spent the better part of two decades trying to stay emotionally and physically numb.

Even in those early days, signs might have pointed an expert on alcoholism toward my growing problem. One hint was my immediate tendency to drink to unconsciousness. At parties, I would often fall asleep in mid-hullabaloo on the couch. That drew plenty of jokes at the time. Only much later did I recognize that I had been passing out. Another signal was an initial, abnormally high tolerance for alcohol, at least until the passing-out stage. I thought I could hold my liquor pretty well. Now I think it means that my body was being less dutiful than most in handling overdoses of a hazardous chemical. (Years later, when only a couple of drinks would overload my toxified liver, causing slurring of words and other drunken symptoms, I finally joined the company of those who "can't hold a drink.")

Exactly when did I become addicted to alcohol? I don't know that either. The addiction was preceded by a delusion: I thought I drank to socialize. Maybe I did. My alcoholism took years to develop into a chronic affliction, and during much of that time I went to bars after work, one of the guys. The delusion was gradually reinforced by gravitation. I mingled more and more with other persistent drinkers who took longer and longer to call for their bar tabs. Most of us were actually alcoholics in varying stages of development. The nonalcoholics had long ago



indicating a genetic predisposition to the disease that is triggered by extended heavy drinking.

Cloninger's work added key pieces to the puzzle of alcoholism by suggesting traits that certain types of alcoholics have in common. For example, Cloninger found

just such a potential marker in the brain. By using an electroencephalograph to measure the brain waves of nondrinking sons of alcoholic fathers, Begleiter discovered that a particular brain wave called the P₃ showed a dampened response. In each instance the sons' brain waves closely du-

that his male-limited alcoholics tended to be aggressive, even violent types. He hypothesizes that the nervous system underlying such behavior may react to alcohol in a way that quickly leads to dependence. "It's not proved," says Cloninger. "It's testable." Says Boris Tabakoff of the NIAAA: "For those of us looking for biological markers, Dr. Cloninger's work gives us a road map we can follow to link genetic traits to behavior."

If researchers could develop medical tests that identify biochemical signposts indicating a predisposition to alcoholism, they could warn potential alcoholics before trouble started. SUNY's Begleiter found

plicated those of their fathers, while other subjects with no family history of alcoholism showed strong P₃ waves. In addition, Dr. Marc Schuckit, a researcher at the San Diego Veterans Administration, has found that after several drinks some men whose fathers are alcoholics show fewer changes in the levels of two hormones, prolactin and cortisol, than men whose fathers are nonalcoholics. Eventually, such findings may provide important clues in the search for the genes involved in alcoholism.

Scientists acknowledge that work on the effects of alcohol on individual brain cells is still in its infancy. Part of the problem is that ethanol, the active ingredient in alcoholic drinks, easily penetrates the membranes of all cells and disrupts their normal function. Unlike other psychoactive drugs, ethanol does not target specific parts of nerve cells, or neurons, but seems to enter cell membranes and sabotage the nervous system indiscriminately.

Steven Paul, chief of the clinical neuroscience branch at the National Institute of Mental Health, is studying how ethanol affects certain cells in the brain to induce sedative effects. He is looking at a group of receptors, sites on the membranes of brain cells, that link with a molecule called gamma-aminobutyric acid (GABA), a neurotransmitter that moves

selected themselves out. Those of us who remained agreed that we were "normal." Unhappy, but normal.

Alcoholic perception is like that, in a hundred insidious and distorting ways. All of them are aimed at protecting a drunkard's notion that he is possessed of free will. My drinking buddies and I agreed that we did not have a drinking problem. Everything in our increasingly narrow world, though, was a problem that required drinking: the wife, the kids, the boss, the government. In dingy watering holes from which everyone with a healthy life to lead had gone home, we conspired to overlook the obvious, that our bodily cells were addicted, and our minds were along for the ride.

Inexorably, the need for alcohol grew, while the lies wore thin. As my alcoholism accelerated, I abandoned most drinking partners and joined the ranks of solitary toppers belled up to countless bars. I lost any sense at all of what would happen after I started drinking: I became completely unpredictable. Sometimes I would go home after a couple of drinks (there was usually more booze there). More often, I would join the lineup of other alcoholics at the bar telephone stalls, fumbling with worn-out excuses about unexpected visitors and urgent business meetings. Sometimes I would simply hole up in my office with a bottle after everyone else had gone home. There simply wasn't anything else in my life. Most frightening of all, I began to suffer alcoholic blackouts during drinking episodes. I would swim back into consciousness with no recollection of where I had been or what I had done. Once, I came to late at night on a downtown city street with my suit trousers slashed down one side by a razor.

Bizarre incidents like that left me petrified but unable to stop drinking. None of the growing physical pangs of alcoholism—the retching, nervous spasms, sweaty and sleepless nights, dehydration—matched the moments of hammering panic I felt every morning for months on end, as I tried to remember exactly what I

had done the night before. At one point, terrified that I might kill someone with my car, I gave up driving, but never alcohol. Along with the fear came sudden rages—at my wife, at my friends, at anyone who tried to stop me from drinking. My homelife became a nightmare. Creeping paranoia set in.

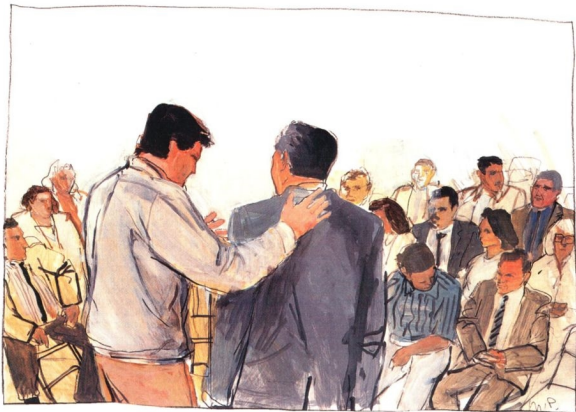
No one wanted me to stop drinking more than I did. What I could not say was that I did not know how to do it. Every day, the inability inspired waves of remorse and self-loathing. But in my fearfulness, I stayed willfully ignorant of alcoholism. I would walk out of the room if a television commercial mentioned the subject. I was convinced that getting sober was merely a matter of personal willpower—and that, through some unfixable flaws of character, I lacked the power. I never wanted to be reminded of what was, to my mind, a moral affliction. Who would?

I still consider the fact that I did not die to be a miracle, meaning that some kind of providence intervened. For me, it took the form of a friendly superior at work who confronted me. I finally broke down and admitted that I needed help. That simple admission, so long in coming, brought an enormous release. Suddenly, alcoholism was no longer something I had to endure in private. Somehow, in that encounter, a powerful psychosis dissolved.

Years later, after hundreds of Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and many hours of intensive counseling, I am happy to acknowledge that I have a serious, progressive ailment, with no cure. Alcohol is no longer a terrifying, destructive force in my life. It is just another chemical, fine for you, perhaps, but deadly for me. I avoid it, but without a sense of panic or fear. Definitely I am a completely different person now. Only, sometimes, I remember the feelings of hopelessness and shame from those terrible years, and I still have to struggle to hold back the tears.

"My personality was seriously diseased. I was nervous, reclusive, by turns extravagantly arrogant and cringingly apologetic."

Medicine



across the synapses between neurons. GABA homes in on a complex known as the GABA-benzodiazepine receptor. If there are a sufficient number of GABA molecules present in certain areas of the brain, anxiety diminishes. Tranquilizers such as Valium and Librium work by attaching themselves to the receptor and increasing GABA's effectiveness.

Paul believes ethanol also reduces anxiety by acting on those GABA-sensitive neurons. Altering the amount of GABA in the brain could theoretically neutralize the effects of intoxication. To that end, Paul is currently experimenting with a drug, Ro15-4513, that blocks ethanol's ability to activate the GABA receptor, thus sharply reducing alcohol's sedative effects in rats. Although the drug is toxic to humans, variants could one day be useful in treatment. Other scientists are studying a new class of drugs that seem to block the alcoholic's craving for a drink. These compounds boost the amount of another neurotransmitter, serotonin, in the brain, thus encouraging a sense of well-being—and bolstering abstinence.

Ethanol has a harmful effect on nearly every organ in the body. Chronic heavy drinking increases the risk of myocardial disease and high blood pressure. Alcohol eats away at the stomach and intestines, causing bleeding in some drinkers. Alcoholic males may experience shrunken tes-

tes, reduced testosterone levels, and even impotence. Sustained drinking sometimes disrupts women's menstrual cycles and can render them infertile. Among expectant mothers, drinking can produce birth defects and is a major cause of mental retardation in American children. Even the immune system's efficiency is reduced by alcohol. Studies are under way to determine whether heavy drinking might cause AIDS to surface more quickly in infected carriers.

But alcohol takes the worst toll on the liver, where most of the ethanol in the bloodstream is broken down. Because alcohol is so high in calories (there are 110 calories per jigger of 90-proof liquor), the liver metabolizes it instead of important nutrients, a phenomenon that can lead to severe malnutrition. The high caloric content of ethanol also causes fat to build up in the liver, one of the earliest stages of alcoholic liver disease. This is frequently followed by scarring of the liver tissue, which interferes with the organ's task of filtering toxins from the blood. The slow poisoning leads to other complications, including cirrhosis, an often fatal degeneration of the liver that affects at least 10% of all alcoholics and is especially hard on women. "They die of cirrhosis earlier than men, even though they consume less alcohol," says Judith Gavaler, an epidemiologist at the

University of Pittsburgh Medical School.

This year studies at the Harvard Medical School and the National Cancer Institute reported that even women who drink moderately may have a 30% to 50% greater chance than nondrinkers of developing breast cancer. Heavy drinking among men and women alike has been linked to cancer of the liver, lung, pancreas, colon and rectum. In October a team led by Dr. Charles Lieber, a leading alcoholism researcher at the Bronx Veterans Administration Medical Center in New York City, reported that it had isolated a possible link between alcohol and cancer in humans. The culprit appears to be a member of the family of enzymes called cytochrome P-450s. In the presence of alcohol, the cytochrome can turn certain chemicals in the body into carcinogens.

Despite the medical recognition of alcoholism as a disease 21 years ago, there is still uncertainty over its legal status as an illness. Michael Deaver, the former aide to President Reagan who is on trial for lying to a grand jury about his lobbying activities, is arguing that he was not responsible because he is an alcoholic and his drinking at the time impaired his memory of events and facts. In the past the so-called alcoholism defense generally has not been very successful, but it has worked on occasion in perjury cases.

Next month the Supreme Court will



Hot fudge sundaes hadn't even been invented yet.



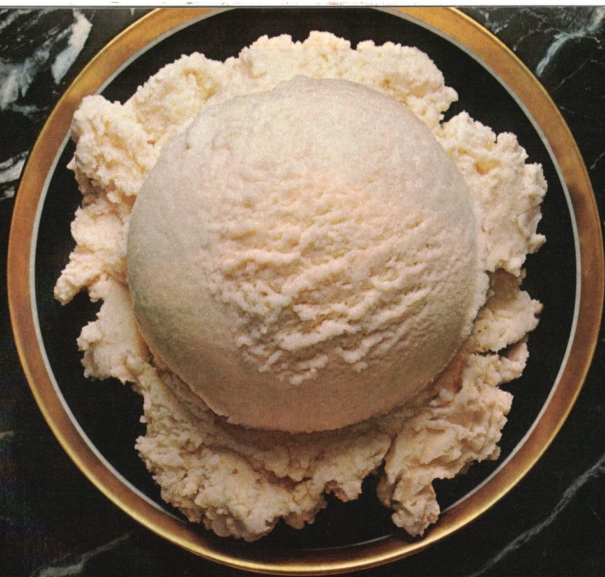
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Medicine

hear a case that is likely to hinge on the Justices' decision as to whether alcoholism is a disease. Two former soldiers, now recovered alcoholics, are seeking to overturn a 56-year-old Veterans Administration policy that classifies alcoholism as "willful misconduct" rather than a sickness. The VA's definition prevents alcoholics from receiving benefit extensions awarded to veterans with illnesses. In seeking to make their case, the plaintiffs' lawyers are expected to bring up the new evidence that alcoholism may have a genetic basis. Says Kirk Johnson, general counsel for the A.M.A., which filed an amicus brief in the case: "We want a medical judgment, not a ruling based on fear, misunderstanding and prejudice."

For alcoholics, the only way to stop the havoc alcohol causes is, of course, to quit drinking. That is easier said than done. The main barrier to ending the torment is the alcoholic's characteristic, and usually adamant, denial that any problem exists. Mary, 61, who has not taken a drink for 14 years, remembers blacking out and waking up with her hands trembling so badly that she could not hold a cup of coffee. "I had reasons for all those things happening to me," she says, "and none of them had to do with my drinking."

How, then, to break the psychological impasse? One way is to follow a strategy called intervention, which was pioneered in the early 1960s by Vernon Johnson, an Episcopal priest in a Minneapolis suburb. In intervention, family members, friends and co-workers directly confront the alcoholic to shatter his carefully nurtured self-delusions. Beforehand they meet with a specially trained counselor (the fee: \$500 to \$750) to rehearse. In the actual confrontation, the alcoholic is presented with a tough but sympathetic portrayal of the mess he is in and is urged to accept prearranged admission to a treatment center, often on the same day. Says Carol Remboldt, publications director at Johnson's institute in Minnesota: "Intervention allows a tiny aperture to be poked in the wall of an alcoholic."

The process can be painful. A 31-year-old daughter read her alcoholic parents a letter in which she described how she had seen her mother change "from the best

friend I ever had" to an unhappy and unreliable woman. "The good parts of your character," she said, "are being stolen away by alcohol. Don't let that bottle overtake your life." Indeed, children often provide the most persuasive statements. One alcoholic's resistance crumbled when his son said, "Daddy, when you read me the funnies on Sunday morning, you smell." Peggi, a former schoolteacher and recovered alcoholic, remembers the day seven years ago when she was faced down by her husband, sister and three sons. "It was awful," she recalls. "But it was crucial for me to see how my drinking affected their lives."

As Poet Robert Bly, the son of an alcoholic, puts it in a book called *Family Secrets*, edited by Rachel V. (Harper & Row, 1987): "Every child of an alcoholic receives the knowledge that the bottle is more important to the parent than he or she is." To mend the damage from those year-in, year-out traumas, hundreds of thousands of Americans have turned to Al-Anon and other family-therapy organizations. An offshoot of A.A. that was formed in 1951 for relatives and friends of alcoholics, Al-Anon has more than doubled in size since 1975 and now boasts some 26,000 regional groups. But the real corner is the children-of-alcoholics movement, aimed at the nearly 30 million offspring of chronic drinkers in the U.S. Made up of a variety of organizations, the movement took off four years ago with the

best-selling book *Adult Children of Alcoholics*, a guide to the dilemmas C.O.A.s face, by Janet Geringer Woititz, a human-relations counselor in Verona, N.J.

At a typical C.O.A. meeting, participants sit in a circle and offer reflections on their own experiences, from a paralyzing fear of intimacy to acute conditions like bulimia, a disorder marked by episodes of excessive eating. At the heart of their pain and confusion is a childhood fraught with anxiety. "When we were kids and our parents were drunk, it was our problem," a 21-year-old daughter of an alcoholic told TIME's Scott Brown. "Somehow it seemed that we should be super people and make our family healthy." Reliving painful childhood experiences among sympathetic listeners enables the C.O.A.s to feel emotions they had suppressed. Recalls Rokelle Lerner, a pioneer in the movement: "I had to learn to re-parent myself, to comfort the little girl inside."

For both family members and chronic drinkers, the greatest frustration is the absence of a surefire treatment for alcoholism. The truth is that success rates often depend more on the individual makeup of the alcoholic than on the treatment. Alcoholics fitting Cloninger's male-limited type are less likely to remain sober after treatment, along with those with unstable work and family backgrounds. "The best predictor of patient outcome is the patient," says Thomas Seessel, executive director of the National Council on Alcoholism. "Those who are steadily employed, married and in the upper middle class are more likely to succeed. They have more to lose." In response to allegations that some centers have exaggerated how well their patients do after treatment, Congress has ordered the NIAAA to investigate treatment programs.

Today about 95% of in-patient treatment centers in the U.S. use a 28-day drying-out program developed in 1949 at Hazelden. For the first few days, staff help patients through the tremors and anxiety of withdrawal. From that point on, the emphasis is on counseling. The aims: dispel the alcoholic's self-delusions about drinking, drive home an understanding of alcohol's destructive properties, and make it clear that the only reasonable course is



Medicine



to stop drinking—permanently. Some centers use Antabuse, a drug that induces vomiting and other symptoms if the patient has a drink. Schick Shadel, a program with hospitals in California, Texas and Washington, employs aversion therapy to condition alcoholics to recoil at the smell, taste and even sight of a drink. Most programs, however, rely on A.A. or other counseling programs to help reinforce the message of abstinence.

"Everyone knows how to get sober," says Michael Baar, an Albany, Calif., psychologist. "The problem is keeping them in that state." Relapse prevention is the latest attempt to help reduce the number of recovering alcoholics who fall off the wagon. Terence Gorski, president of the Center for Applied Sciences in Hazel Crest, Ill., has studied thousands of relapse cases and found that on their way to recovery, alcoholics go through specific stages, each with

its dangerous temptation to return to drinking. Early on, it may be hard to cope with withdrawal. Later, the patient may falter in developing a normal family and social life. Finally, there is a period of complacency, when the recovering alcoholic no longer fears drinking as he once did. At each point, says Gorski, "the person is out of control before he actually starts to drink." His solution: counselors who meet regularly with recovering alcoholics to help them identify and face problems before they get out of hand. Says Gorski: "It is compatible with A.A. and self-help groups. The only difference is that we go beyond what A.A. has to offer."

Will there ever be a simple cure for alcoholism? Probably not. Even so, the next decade or so holds dramatic promise for advances in understanding and effectively treating the disease. Researchers hope eventually to sort out alcoholics according

to the neurochemical bases of their addiction and treat them accordingly. "We are still trying to map out these neurochemical systems," says Edgell Newport's Wallace. "If we succeed, then it is likely that we will be able to design treatments." A.A. and other groups may always be necessary to help alcoholics assess the psychological and emotional damage of chronic drinking, but there is hope that medicine may make the course to sobriety less perilous.

Medical and scientific promise, however, should not eclipse the importance of public policy efforts to curb heavy drinking among adults—and stop it altogether among youngsters and adolescents. Education is one approach. The Government's "Be Smart" campaign, aimed at eight-to-twelve-year-olds, has had some success. Mothers Against Drunk Driving has been a primary factor in the fight that has raised drinking ages from 18 to 21 in 34 states plus the District of Columbia since 1982. Despite strong opposition from the alcohol industry, which lobbies vigorously against higher excise taxes for alcohol and warning labels on beer, wine and liquor bottles, groups like MADD and the National Council on Alcoholism continue to push initiatives that will further discourage consumption of alcohol.

In his speech two weeks ago, Health Secretary Bowen complained that brewers and beer distributors spend \$15 million to \$20 million a year marketing their products on college campuses, encouraging heavy drinking and "contributing to poor grades, excessive vandalism, many injuries, and not so infrequently, death." Bowen asked Education Secretary William Bennett to encourage university presidents to restrict alcohol promotions on campus. Spuds MacKenzie, the canine star of Anheuser-Busch's advertising campaign for Bud Light beer, is also in the doghouse. This fall the National Association of State Alcohol and Drug Abuse Directors filed complaints with several federal agencies charging that the campaign encouraged kids to drink.

For those who know what British Novelist Malcolm Lowry described as the alcoholic's "fine balance between the shakes of too little and the abyss of too much," sobriety cannot come too soon. That is the challenge for medical researchers. But just as much energy should go into the job of preventing the disease. That means not only finding genetic markers to warn those susceptible but also changing attitudes in a society that still glorifies drinking. As Bowen remarked recently, "To do anything less than all this would be a disservice to ourselves, our society and to the many future generations whose lives and livelihoods are at stake." For millions of American alcoholics, there is no time to lose.

—By Edward W. Desmond, Reported by Barbara Dolan/St. Louis, Andrea Dorfman/New York and Melissa Ludtke/Boston



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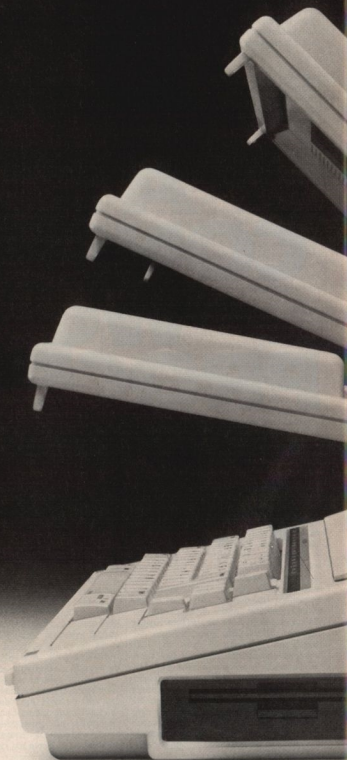
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Art

Blazing Exceptions to Nature

A huge London show evokes the world of medieval England

One can hardly visit the great exhibition of English Gothic art, "The Age of Chivalry," which opened this month at the Royal Academy in London, without mixed feelings of delight, surfeit and loss. The first, obviously, because this is the first show to trace so large a part of England's cultural inheritance. It starts in 1216 with the enthronement of Henry III and ends with the death of the last Plantagenet, Richard II, in 1399, a span of nearly 200 years that brought Gothic art to England from France.

Sturdy and reflective, unwilling to ac-



Mutilated envoys: limestone fragment of an angel and painted oak figure of St. Michael, both 13th century; page from a 14th century psalter

cept imported style wholesale, English artists and craftsmen took French Gothic and, once it had been imposed on them by the Norman hierarchy in the major arts like architecture, transformed it in their minor arts. The image of the cathedral as the castle of God, its porches guarded by twin impregnable towers, was inspired by the donjons that the feudal barons built along the Seine and the Loire at the end of the 11th century, but in English cathedrals like Wells (constructed between 1186 and 1300) it acquired a definitive grandeur as the sign of the Church Militant. No cathedral will fit in the Royal Academy, but other things have. To see the engrafting of a high ecclesiastical and court style from across the Channel onto the Anglo-Saxon stock, set forth in these objects, many of which are of the highest aesthetic quality, is fascinating.

The surfeit arises from the sheer size

of the show. Its catalog lists 748 items, ranging from a corroded metal pen to a whole stained-glass lancet window from Canterbury Cathedral. It covers manuscripts, paintings, maps, jewelry, seals, coins, heraldry, enamelwork, ceramics, armor, textiles, architecture and a great deal more besides. It traces the patronage of five Plantagenet kings and has a lot to say about how works of art were commissioned by the nobility and the great merchants, executed by their makers and read by the audience. It wanders off into didactic byways and outlines, among other things, the changing reactions to Gothic art and the problem of its conservation for later generations of antiquaries and romantics in the 18th and 19th centuries. There is an anxious longing to put everything connected with the Middle Ages on view, no matter how slight its aesthetic import. One half-expects to find Piers Plowman's left clog in

the next vitrine. It is a gigantic, semi-digestible omnium-gatherum, and the visitor needs time and shoe leather to deal with it.

The sheer quantity of stuff is also connected to a pervasive sense of cultural loss, for large as this show is, it is the merest fragment of the vanished whole it attempts to describe. No people in the history of Europe turned on their own traditional art with a more consuming fury than the English did on their medieval heritage. The destruction began in a small way with the random acts of zealots like the Lollards. They were enraged by the apparent contradiction between the Second Commandment ("Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image") and the "idolatrous" cult of statues of the Holy Family and the saints set up in Eng-



lish churches, jeweled and gilt and encrusted with innumerable votive offerings. The church's answer was that you did not worship the image itself; you worshiped the Virgin *through* her image—a nice point apt to be lost on rustic fundamentalists.

The destructive impulse became much more systematic and serious after 1536, with Henry VIII's mass pillage of Catholic monasteries and churches. (In one raid on the shrine of the martyr Thomas Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, eight men were needed to carry all the gold out to the King's wagons.) Henry VIII mainly wanted to raise money, but with Oliver Cromwell the vandalism turned ideological. The Roundheads were determined to erase every last trace of the image in English religious life, leaving only the abstract purity of the Word, the uncompromised Logos. Ordinary plunder, which spares wood and stone, be-

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☐ OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.

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came iconoclasm, which in the name of God spares nothing.

The Puritan massacre of statues and pictures passed all reckoning. The idea that such things were in a sense the general aesthetic or historical property of the people—which did something to mitigate the anticlerical rage of the French Revolution or the Bolsheviks in Russia—did not arise in 17th century England, whose churches were stripped and gutted as thoroughly as those of Byzantium had been by the Frankish thugs of the Fourth Crusade, in 1204.

Today, for instance, not a single English 13th century wooden crucifix figure survives in England; to find a probable example, the organizers of this show had to borrow an exquisite polychrome Christ from Norway, where it had been made by a traveling English artist for a church in Bergen around 1230-45. Just as in the greatest monuments of English Gothic today—the Lady Chapel of Ely Cathedral, say—one sees only the bare background of a decorative and sculptural scheme whose figural richness can never be restored or even reimagined, so the remains of medieval sculpture that have been assembled for "The Age of Chivalry" cannot really evoke the culture whose mutilated envoys they are.

In details, as with the fragments of two angels from a demolished late 13th century tomb in Sawley in Derbyshire—faces and drapery so refined in their carving, and yet so plain and direct that they bear comparison with the sculpture made for the west door of Notre Dame a century before—one sees the immensity of the loss. One can also sense the sheer range of feeling accessible to Plantagenet sculptors, from the grotesque and grimacing faces on corbels (meant more as effigies of "types" of men than as specific portraits, however sharp and humorous their realism) to the forbiddingly hieratic tomb effigies of dead lords like Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, lying cross-legged and pointy-toed as though about to leap up from the slab, his sword half-drawn from its scabbard to show his readiness to defend the Christian faith.

The past is another country, and nowhere more visibly so than here. One needs to remember how bare of images medieval life was—how utterly unlike the image-haze of competing visual messages, from billboards to print ads to TV, in which we live today. A man in Chicago sees more images in a day than his 14th century ancestor in York saw in 20 years. In medieval England the painted or carved image was the blazing exception to nature.

The medieval eye did not see works of

art historically, as elements in a style unfolding over time. The image was more transparent; the eye plunged straight to the fable or narrative illustrated. As Jeffrey Denton, one of the 26 art historians who contributed essays to the enormous catalog, points out, "Symbols and signs were a bridge between things visible and things invisible. . . . They were essential elements in comprehension, real links in the chain of realities"—a chain that stretched from earth to God. The whole bent of medieval thought was toward analogy, not empiricism, and this alone gave the carved or painted image a role in thought it lacks today. One "read" a cathedral, from its grand structural form

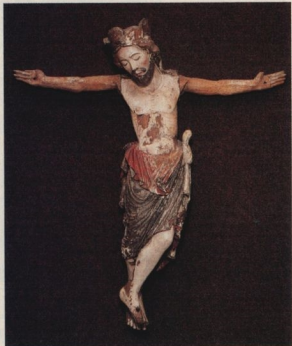


Figure of Christ carved by 13th century English artist in Norway
A universal style, bridging things visible and invisible.

down to the last grotesque detail on a misericord, as one might "read" the world from God's seven heavens down to the fish and fleas.

To convey that wholeness, a universal style was needed. Another catalog contributor, Nigel Ramsay, remarks that the Gothic style could spread from architecture to all the other arts because it was linear: "It could be drawn in two dimensions as outline tracery, and . . . the design of a work could be separated from its execution." Chaucer pointed to this when he described the dandified young parish clerk in "The Miller's Tale" "with Poules wyndow carved on his shoes" (the tracery of St. Paul's Cathedral carved on his shoes).

The same foliations, crockets, battlementing and, above all, the same wiry line, organic yet abstracted, ran right through the arts of the period, binding them together into a general style with

innumerable variations. The lovely relic of heraldic drapery from the Musée de Cluny, embroidered with the leopards of England—so elegant in their whipping elongation, so fierce in spiking claw—comes from the same world of form as Kentish ironwork or East Anglian miniature painting.

Some Plantagenet stained glass remains, though not much in proportion to what there once was; pitching rocks through those glowing windows must have been a special pleasure for the God-serving iconoclast. The show is rich in examples from Canterbury, York and elsewhere. Very few examples of English church panel painting endured intact, and the finest 13th century object of this kind, the much mutilated Westminster Retable, was too fragile to be moved from Westminster Abbey to its place of honor in this show. What come through best of all are smaller, more private images: not the painted screens and wall pictures, of which almost nothing survives, but miniatures done on the leaves of books.

There pictures went hand in hand with words, and words brought the Englishing of English society. During the Plantagenet dynasty, the pattern of linguistic power imposed by the conquering Normans after 1066—Latin for official and church documents, French for polite usage, English for peasants—began to break up; the common tongue took center stage, even though as late as 1385 it had many dialects, producing (one witness wrote) a "strange wafferyng, chiteryng, harryng, not the uniformity of French or Latin. The first time a duck says 'quack' is around 1320, while being grabbed by a fox in the margin of the Gorleston Psalter.

(What, if anything, did earlier ducks say in Latin?)

The psalters, hymnals and apocalypses gathered here attest to the sturdiness and independence of English artists' imaginations. They are a perfect visual equivalent to Chaucer, who installed English as a literary language in 1387 with *The Canterbury Tales*. The East Anglian manuscript style especially, in its whimsicality and odd narratives, its overflowing, obsessive love of natural forms—leaves, flowers, birds, animals, combining and recombining—is quite unlike the traditional formalities of French Gothic painting. It is both more earthy and more fanciful. Some of it looks forward to the nature worship of the Romantics, centuries later. Some predicts writers like Edward Lear and Beatrix Potter. This, one realizes, is where the Englishness of English art was born: between the vellum sheets.

—By Robert Hughes

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Music

"The Half-Breed Rides Again"

Robbie Robertson returns—at last—with a new record

Is there a fatted calf handy? Robbie Robertson is back where he belongs, making records and writing songs, spinning out small chapters of fresh-minted American mythology, lyric and funny, funky and mysterious. He was ringleader of the Band, a seminal group that played like road warriors and sang songs that seemed to come from some new national folklore, timeless music conjuring a time that never was. He has been away eleven years now, ever since he organized rock's greatest farewell concert, 1976's *The Last*

times. There are also hefty contributions from U2, Peter Gabriel and the BoDeans, and stylistic echoes as diverse as Tom Waits and David Byrne. But *Robbie Robertson* is unmistakably his work. He says it best himself on the last cut, *Testimony*: "Bear witness, I'm wailing like the wind/ Come bear witness, the half-breed rides again." So step right up and welcome him home.

Until 1985, Robertson, "blessed with the opportunity to shut up when I have nothing to say," was... well, counting his

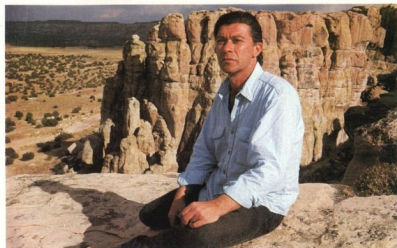
grain. Born in Canada to a Mohawk mother and a Jewish father, Robertson talks about American mythology, about leaving home in Ronnie Hawkins' barbed-wire rock band and touring rural America, about going "down South, where the music and folklore had enormous impact on me." All those great early Band songs (*The Weight*, *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*, *The Shape I'm In*, *Up on Cripple Creek*) were Robertson's way of measuring and transmuting all that experience. The material on this record just deepens his traditional alchemy. "That's what I feel I do," he reflects. "I write American mythology. I'm the storyteller of the shadowland."

The new songs, many of them rooted in American Indian spirituality, have stronger stylistic affinities with later, longer and more ambitious compositions like *The River Hymn* and *It Makes No Difference*, when Robertson was testing the Band's limits as well as his own. The new record's *Broken Arrow*, one of the best things he has ever written, brings together a delicate love song ("Do you feel what I feel/ Can we make that so it's part of the deal") with a gentle meditation on Indian pride and mystic communion, all united with a simple refrain: "Who else is gonna bring you/ A broken arrow/ Who else is gonna bring you/ A bottle of rain/ There he goes, moving across the water/ There he goes, turning my whole world around."

Robertson has returned at a time when, as he says, "there's a feeling of a little more substance in the air." The two U2 collaborations on the record (*Testimony* and the reactor-hot *Sweet Fire of Love*) were launched on little more than a wing, a prayer, a guitar riff, a tom-tom beat and a horn chart written by Gil Evans (Miles Davis' collaborator on *Sketches of Spain*). It is not only talent that makes these songs work, it's a finding of common ground between Robertson and the Dublin boys so sudden and intense that the discovery ignites the songs. U2 squires him into 1987; he gives them heft, antecedents and even a little history lesson.

Robertson, who got movie star-style notices for his onscreen presence in *The Last Waltz*, right now is shining on videos. MTV showcased two separate videos with an interrelated story line, as well as a 30-minute documentary calculated to let a couple of generations catch up on what they missed the first time around. Does the man who made this splendid new record, the man who wrote *The Weight* and *Daniel and the Sacred Harp* and set his fingers around some of rock's best guitar, really need an introduction? Business realities suggest that he might, but, in truth, even if you had never met him or heard him before, you would know Robbie Robertson in an instant. Who else is gonna bring you a bottle of rain? —By Jay Cockles

Reported by Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles



Coming into the open: Robbie Robertson on a video shoot in New Mexico

"There's a feeling of a little more substance in the air."

Waltz, during which he and the Band brought together "different spokes in the wheel of our music"—Bob Dylan to Neil Diamond, Joni Mitchell to Muddy Waters—and saw themselves off into the history books in princely fashion.

After that, Robertson kicked back, took it easy in Malibu. While spending time with his wife of 19 years, Dominique, and their three children ("Being home freshened up the atmosphere considerably"), he continued a collaboration with Director Martin Scorsese begun on *The Last Waltz* concert film. He worked on music for *Raging Bull*, *The Color of Money* and *The King of Comedy*, for which he wrote his first song in five years. Called *Between Trains*, it was a spooky, heart-torn memorial for a Viet Nam vet, a friend who died too soon, and it was also a reminder of how badly Robertson was missed. No one else wrote songs like that.

Until now. At the age of 44, Robertson has shaken the dust off and made his first solo album. Two Band colleagues show up on two cuts for the sake of old

blessings. "I wanted to feel like I couldn't wait to make music, rather than regarding it as a chore," he says. "I knew that if I spoke with all my heart, it would be better for everyone." The writing started tentatively at first ("It was like getting used to the water again"), but, after a time, sounds he heard and stories he suddenly had to tell "came into the open. It was a good feeling. Then I was gone. I got to the studio before 8 in the morning, and I couldn't wait to get my mitts into it."

The songwriting took less than a year. There are nine new tunes on this album and enough material left over to give Robertson a strong head start on the next one. The recording took another full year. Together with Producer Daniel Lanois, who worked with U2 on *The Joshua Tree*, Robertson came up with a silky, soaring sound that is ethereal and sporting at the same time, just what you might hear from a roadhouse located down an off ramp just south of the pearly gates.

He is not working the Band vein here, but he is still writing in the American

Video



Shows where youngsters pay to play: scene from the "interactive" *Captain Power*

Zapping Back at Children's TV

After years of deregulation, kidvid's critics are on the attack

Ever since the days of Clarabell the clown and his ever ready seltzer bottle, parents have complained about the quality of children's TV programming. But seldom have they had so much to complain about. A typical afternoon of kidvid these days can be a mind-numbing march of cartoon superheroes like He-Man, Brave-Starr and the Defenders of the Earth. Many shows, from *The Transformers* to *Pound Puppies*, are based on hot-selling toys and seem intended to shuffle kids straight from the TV set into the toy store. Worst of all in the critics' view, under the deregulatory aegis of the Reagan Administration, the Federal Communications Commission has seemed little inclined to do anything about the situation.

Now the laissez-faire era of children's TV may be coming to an end. One watershed: in June a federal appeals court ordered the FCC to reconsider a 1984 ruling that freed broadcasters from any limits on the amount of commercial time permitted on children's programming. In response, the FCC last month launched a broad inquiry into children's TV. The probe will examine not only whether limits on advertising time ought to be reimposed but also whether restrictions should be placed on the more than 25 shows currently airing that feature toys as their main characters. The inquiry seems to reflect a growing consensus that the FCC's free-market approach has not been enough to protect children from undue commercial influence.

Critics of children's TV programming are flexing muscles in a number of arenas. In September, just three days before its new children's schedule was set to debut, CBS abruptly withdrew *The Garbage Pail Kids*, a cartoon show based on the gross-out series of bubble-gum cards by that name. The network denies that it caved in

to pressure, but the cancellation came after a barrage of complaints from parents and CBS affiliates.

Legislators too are getting into the act. In the House of Representatives a measure has been introduced that would reimpose formal commercial-time strictures on kids' shows. A Senate bill would require the networks to run at least seven hours a week of educational programming for children. The tone of some lawmakers has grown combative. Says Democratic Representative Edward Markey of Massachusetts: "What was once called a vast wasteland is now more accurately dubbed a vast waste dump."

Children's TV, of course, is not an unredeemed junk pile. PBS and cable offer much quality fare. Most of the networks' Saturday-morning shows are gently inoffensive (*The Smurfs*, *Jim Henson's Muppet*



Off the toy shelf: ABC's *Pound Puppies*
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Video

Babies) and occasionally adventurous (*Pee-wee's Playhouse*). Some of the wit and imagination of pre-TV animation have even resurfaced this season in CBS's *Mighty Mouse: The New Adventures*, from filmmaker Ralph Bakshi.

More dismal is the picture on independent stations, which typically offer a horde of look-alike syndicated cartoons in the before- and after-school hours on weekdays. Though the networks continue to adhere to pre-1984 limits of twelve ad minutes an hour on weekdays, 9½ minutes on weekends, a recent study of eight big-city independent stations revealed that all but one were exceeding the old limit during weekday children's programming.

The most controversial area, however, is toy-inspired shows, which are criticized by children's TV activists as little more than program-length commercials. "Where is it written that Mattel should control the decision making in programming for children's TV?" says Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television, the watchdog group based in Cambridge, Mass. "People who want to produce children's programs with something to say instead of something to sell are zapped out of the system."

The activists are especially upset about a new wave of "interactive" shows, like Mattel's *Captain Power and the Soldiers of the Future*. The show, a live-action space adventure, enables children to play along at certain points by shooting at villains on-screen with a special Power Jet weapon (cost: \$30 to \$40). An electronic signal responds to each "hit" and tots up the player's score. Charren argues that by encouraging children to buy an expensive toy to participate, such shows unfairly divide the young audience into "the haves and the have-nots."

The producers of children's shows reply that the programs are entertaining without the toys and that merchandising tie-ins are hardly new. Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club* was conceived in part to help promote Disneyland, and even critically acclaimed shows like *Sesame Street* have toy spin-offs. Nor, say industry spokesmen, does a hit show necessarily mean a stream of kids lining up at the toy counter. NBC's *The Smurfs*, for example, is one of Saturday morning's top-rated children's shows, but the like-named toys have not been big sellers.

The popularity of toy-inspired shows, however, may be starting to fade because of oversaturation. "We're winding down these programs," says Stephen Schwartz, director of marketing for Hasbro, which has already canceled two toy-linked shows, *Glo Friends* and *Potato Head*. Ironically enough, the marketplace itself is proving to be a nemesis of TV's cartoon characters, just when federal regulators are beginning to think that it is once again time to lay down the law.

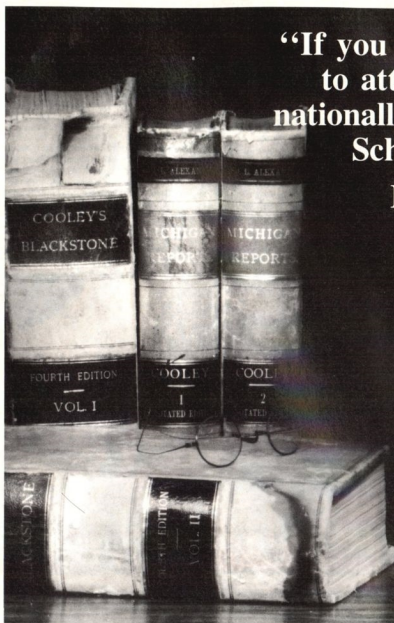
—By Richard Zoglin,
Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and
Lawrence Malikin/Boston

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Books

Down-Home Around the World

The season's new cookbooks dish up traditional comfort foods

The meatloaf-and-mashed-potatoes theme so fashionable at many trendy restaurants has apparently sparked a hunger for nostalgia in America's home cooks. At least that is the impression one gets from the season's crop of cookbooks. Their titles and dust-jacket blurbs are cozy with words like down-home, traditional, family and old-time, as in "Give me that old-time culinary religion."

Several of the more valuable works are devoted to the food of the American South, a region that provides the nation's richest and most colorful local cuisine. The best entry is ***Southern Food***, by John Egerton (Knopf; 408 pages; \$24.95). More a social study than a mere cookbook, it includes the history and lore of dishes and Southern manners, a lengthy bibliography and suggested restaurants where travelers can sample typical fare. Although ingredients are not listed separately, recipes are clearly presented and range from simple coleslaw and iced tea, to elegant oysters Bienville and planked shad.

Egerton's book is a tough act to follow, even for Craig Claiborne and Paul Prudhomme. ***Craig Claiborne's Southern Cooking*** (Times Books; 364 pages; \$19.95) is engaging and low key. The New York Times food editor was born in Mississippi, where his mother ran a boardinghouse. Many of these recipes were hers; others were suggested by Claiborne's friends and colleagues. Dishes range from soul to stylish Creole. Among them are such classics as fried chicken and beaten biscuits, as well as what Claiborne bills as "nouveau Southern," charcoal-grilled stuffed quail. Too bad he couldn't resist clichéd crowd pleasers like blackened redfish.

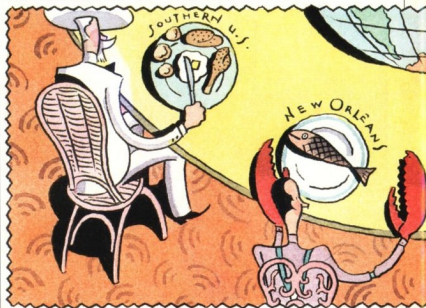
Recipes described in Prudhomme's cookbooks usually read better than they taste in his New Orleans restaurant, K-Paul's. ***The Prudhomme Family Cookbook*** (Morrow; 446 pages; \$19.95) dishes up "old-time Louisiana recipes by the eleven Prudhomme brothers and sisters." This richly fragrant fare, based on lusty ingredients and strong Cajun seasonings, is not for dieters or the faint-palated. Jambalayas, boudins and gumbos abound. Prudhomme not only contributed his blackened-redfish recipe to Claiborne's book but also repeats it here, along with far more appropriate recipes for blackening chicken, hamburgers and pork chops, a technique that relies on spices and an almost white-hot iron skillet.

Those who like to entertain with "slightly different" dishes should be pleased by ***Gene Hovis's Uptown Down Home Cookbook*** (Little, Brown; 235 pages;

\$17.95). This culinary memoir is built around the foods of the author's North Carolina childhood, but it also encompasses recipes that Hovis developed in a career as a New York City food stylist and caterer—chicken breasts in orange-cognac sauce, or a watercress, cucumber and avocado soup.

Traveling southwest, we come to Dallas and the elegant hotel the Mansion on Turtle Creek, whose chef, Dean Fearing,

guese stews; and all the lobster, salmon and blueberry treats so rarely found elsewhere in the country. But the italicized new is the operative word, and interesting as the creations of young New England restaurant chefs may be, they water down the regional impact of the book. Judith Jones, one of the country's most respected cookbook editors, provides recipes that are explicit and complete. Her husband Evan, an accomplished writer on Ameri-



offers ***The Mansion on Turtle Creek Cookbook*** (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; 287 pages; \$25). Fearing has adapted the spicy Indian-Mexican-Spanish influences of the region to fashionable nouvelle creations like lobster taco with yellow-tomato salsa and jicama salad. His intricate arrangements and subtle desert colors make his creations as intriguing to the eye as to the palate, although nearly impossible for the average home cook to duplicate.

New England boasts the nation's second richest regional kitchen. ***The L.L. Bean Book of New England Cookery***, by Judith and Evan Jones (Random House; 669 pages; \$22.50), informs us that it continues to expand. Judging by some of the newer dishes, that is not always for the better. This huge, handsome compendium, written for the Maine-based mail-order outfitter, is at its best with traditional specialties: rhubarb cakes and cobbler; codfish in chowders, cakes and Portu-

can food, makes the travel and history narratives equally tempting.

Down-home at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is the theme of ***The White House Family Cookbook***, by Henry Haller (Random House; 441 pages; \$19.95). Executive chef at that august address for 21 years, just as this reverential Haller retired in October, just as this reverential Haller was coming off the presses. Most of the recipes are for hearty, homey family favorites that reflect the regional backgrounds of Presidents from Lyndon Johnson (who favored Texas-style chili con carne, lamb hash and deer sausage), through Gerald Ford (lusty, German-influenced fare like sweet-and-sour stuffed cabbage, apple pancakes and a revolting carried tuna casserole), to Ronald Reagan (hamburger soup, roast-beef hash and, in more sophisticated moments, the Italian veal-shank dish called osso buco). Haller presents some macabre juxtaposi-

tions of historic events with personal reminiscences. To get through his difficult final hours in the White House, Richard Nixon requested a breakfast more substantial than his usual wheat germ and coffee. Halper rustled up corned-beef hash with a poached egg. Nixon ate it in his favorite Lincoln Sitting Room, then signed the resignation handed to him by Alexander Haig.

Down-home, of course, is a locale that can be found anywhere in the world. Patience Gray, a well-known food writer in England, tells us, "In the last 20 years I have shared the fortunes of a stone carver... Marble determined where, how and among whom we lived; always in primitive conditions." Thus did they feast and fast in Tuscany, Catalonia, the Cyclades and Apulia. **Honey from a Weed** (Harper & Row; 374 pages; \$25) is a rich and idiosyncratic ramble through those festivals and harvests, and it makes perhaps the most enticing

Peter Grunauer and Andreas Kisler present a "new approach" to Austrian cooking in **Viennese Cuisine** (Doubleday; 230 pages; \$24.95). The nockerln and goulash soup, the schnitzels and *Schlagobers* desserts, the braised game and hearty boiled beef all date back to the Habsburgs. What is new is the stylish lightness of presentation without sacrifice of classic flavor—features that made Manhattan's Vienna Park and Vienna '79 the extraordinary restaurants they were when Grunauer owned them and Kisler was his chef.

Exotically esoteric but nonetheless appealing is the food described in **Lebanese Mountain Cookery**, by Mary Laird Hamady (Godine; 278 pages; \$19.95). Here are all the yogurts and fresh pickles, the simple grills and whole-grain delicacies, the sesame oils and seeds, and the dried fruits that health-food advocates sound off about but rarely deliver in palat-

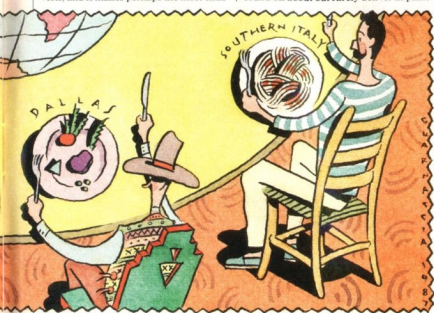
with freshness and lightness, especially the fish and shellfish dishes, the many pasta and vegetable combinations and the yeasty breads and pizzas. Middione includes menu and wine suggestions for each dish, and his recipes are detailed—the instructive paragraphs too much so, and hence a bit hard to follow.

And what could be more southern than the Southern Hemisphere, specifically Australia? It is the subject of **The Down Under Cookbook: An Authentic Guide to Australian Cooking and Eating Traditions**, by Graeme Newman (Harrow & Heston; 168 pages; \$8.95). Recipes may be a little hard to reproduce, especially when they call for witchetty grubs and tiger snake, but the book provides amusing insight into a culture Americans are beginning to explore ever more avidly.

There is not much that is down-home about microwave cooking. In fact, that odorless, near instant preparation may take all the romance out of the kitchen entirely, obviating as it does the appreciation of a dish that cooks long and slowly, filling the house with its perfume as the ingredients develop. Nevertheless, **Microwave Gourmet**, by Barbara Kafka (Morrow; 575 pages; \$19.95), should help those who have bought these electronic miracles and now wonder why. A restaurant consultant and food columnist, Kafka stresses cooking in a microwave, not heating. She emphasizes dishes made from scratch, many of them traditional in origin if not in execution. However, one might argue with her overwrought prose and with many of her food preferences (mayonnaise on gefilte fish, garlic in Manhattan clam chowder, bottled spaghetti sauce). Kafka suggests the microwave for ridiculous purposes, such as preparing white sauce and melting butter. A more serious caveat: manufacturers, concerned about the danger of burns, disagree with Kafka's recommendation to deep fry in a microwave.

A few other attractive if less ambitious down-home cooking candidates deserve passing notice. Certainly, bread baking has strong nostalgic appeal. **Bernard Clayton's New Complete Book of Breads** (Simon & Schuster; 748 pages; \$24.95) is a revised and expanded version of his previous, standard work. He explains new equipment and techniques with improved yeasts and flours. Onion-triticate bread and a cheese bread ring are two of the more intriguing additions. It is doubtful that one could think of a single type of bread not represented here in at least six variations.

Finally, no sampling of cookbooks would be complete without one of the genre's inevitable celebrity offerings. A typically vacuous entry this season is **The Jill St. John Cookbook** (Random House; 259 pages; \$19.95), a bit of fluff that begins with the actress's expression of gratitude to Eastman Kodak for providing film and processing. "Thanks, Kodak!" she says, and well she might, for the collection of glistening photographs, mostly of the monthly food columnist herself, are this volume's main, albeit limited, attraction. —By *Mimi Sheraton*



ing book of the year. There are detailed recipes for such local delicacies as grapes in syrup from Greece and an Italian fried chicken in walnut sauce. There are tantalizing myths about ingredients and observations about subjects like the olive field: "Like the pains of child-birth, one quickly forgets the olive-picking pains." Forced to work with primitive utensils and sparse ingredients, Gray notes that "good cooking is the result of a balance struck between frugality and liberality."

The rich tradition of European peasant cooking is the scope of **The Old World Kitchen**, by Elisabeth Luard (Bantam; 538 pages; \$22.50). History, lore and reasonably complete recipes are presented entertainingly and informatively. Luard ranges from Ireland, with its potato dishes and soda bread, to Turkey, where pilaf and pita are favorites, and from Scandinavia, with its herring, to Spain, with its varieties of olives and rich paellas.

able form. This is a sensuous food world that is rarely well represented in restaurants outside its homeland: pungent samac, sweet lemons and pomegranate seeds, mellow kabobs and oily stuffed vine leaves, palate-whetting *maza*, or appetizers, and flaky honey-gilded phyllo pastries. The instructions are brief, but experienced cooks should have no trouble.

The south of almost anywhere, including Italy, seems in this year. Too long has that region's savory fare been dubbed *declassé* by snobbish restaurateurs. **The Food of Southern Italy**, by Carlo Middione (Morrow; 330 pages; \$25), is virtually an ode to it. The subtle recipes provided by Middione, a San Francisco delicatessen owner, refutes the accusation of heaviness so often leveled against this cuisine because of poor preparation in cheap eateries. As described here, the food, whose origins range from Lazio and Abruzzi down to Sicily and over to Sardinia, sparkles

Cinema

Worst-Case Scenario

PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES Directed and Written by John Hughes

What is the holiday season's most chilling refrain? "My mother called; she says she can stay two weeks?" "Here's a letter from your daughter; she's engaged and she's bringing her fiancé home so we can meet him?" "He didn't say the whole fraternity; just the guys from his floor, and it's only for a weekend?" Strong candidates. But for terror at its primal level, there is nothing quite like "There's a blizzard in Chicago; they've just closed O'Hare."

The effects of that horrific bulletin can plunge thousands of American lives into a maelstrom. Desperate ticket-counter pleas. Improvised sleeping arrangements. Long-distance calls to explain that you are in Wichita with no plausible hope of joining the family around the festive stuffed turkey.

In the worst-case scenario that John Hughes has worked out for tight-wired Neal Page (Steve Martin) in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*, those travails are merely the beginning. Heading home from a marketing meeting in New York City and rudely denied his customary first-class air accommodations, he is wedged into a center seat in the tourist section between an old gentleman who



Martin and Candy face the elements: bedfellows in a motel hell

snore and a chubby gentleman who chats. The latter is Del Griffith (John Candy), a salesman of shower-curtain rings and not at all Neal's kind of guy. He dresses funny, is too eager to be helpful, and has abominable snacking habits. Most reprehensible, he stole a cab from Neal when both were fighting their way to the airport.

You sense immediately that circumstances are going to make them strange

bedfellows in a motel hell. You know, too, that much worse will follow as this misalliance uses all the modes of transportation specified in the title (plus such unnamed delights as a farm truck,

a refrigerator truck and a bus that grinds to an unpleasant halt) in the desperate effort to get home. We are also aware of two agreeable things about Hughes. The first is that he has a nice, easy gift for unforced farce (see *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*). The other is that his teen romances (see *Pretty in Pink*) have always insisted that the American underclass is actually superior to its middle-class betters in worldly wisdom and moral acuity. Both his comic virtue and his social vision are on pleasant display here.

It is, of course, always a pleasure to watch Martin's steam-gauge face register his rising internal pressures and to witness his exquisitely expressed blowoffs. But Candy offers even more insinuating delights. Covering lonely need with empty gab, insecurity with a not entirely trustworthy savvy, he is the most dangerous kind of pest, the type who worms rather than blusters his way into your life. The movie works the same way. For all its broadly farcical air, *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* finally seals its bond with the audience in the same way that Martin and Candy seal theirs, with a sly, shy resort to sentiment. Maybe that's just the spirit of the season, but one does not mind indulging it.

—By Richard Schickel

Lovelorn, Headstrong

To Claudia Draper (Barbra Streisand), love is felonious assault, and she has the open wounds to prove it. Her mother's plaintive "I love you" may be a threat or a curse. Her stepfather's caress may have been foreplay to child abuse. Her ex-husband's ardor may have sheathed sexual brutality. Indeed, the smothering affections of all people may have driven Claudia nuts. That is why she sits edgily in a New York City courtroom, at a hearing to determine if she is competent to stand trial on a manslaughter charge. Claudia is a \$500-an-hour call girl, and her "victim" was an aging john—one more man who be-

lieved that pain is at the core of love.

At its best, *Nuts* is a picture that has much to say about the corrupting power of possessive love. But as adapted for Streisand by Tom Topor and veteran Screenwriters Darryl Ponicsan and Alvin Sargent, it too often surrenders to the banal-

ities of its genre. For *Nuts* exemplifies one kind of Hollywood high-mindedness: the "I'm O.K. Because Society Says I'm Not O.K." movie. The protagonist is not insane, merely misunderstood by those who impose rules she refuses to play by. Every time an authority figure declares she is incompetent,

her sanity is supposed to be affirmed. This is no-risk psychodrama. And no drama as well, because Claudia's moral superiority is too easy to spot.

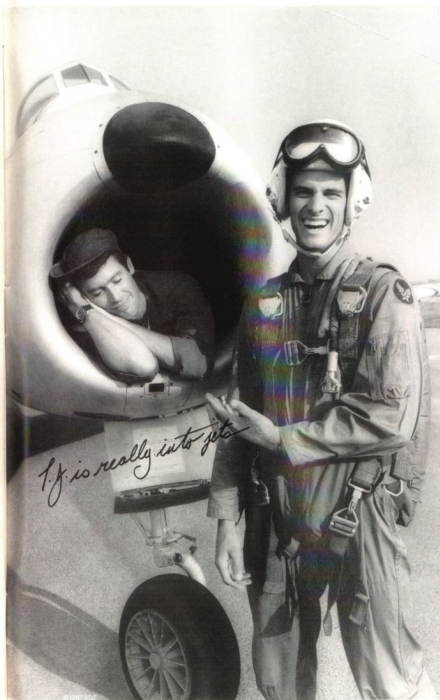
Ignore this considerable defect, and you can take solemn pleasure in Director Martin Ritt's familiar craftsmanship. You can enjoy the strong performance by Richard Dreyfuss (as Claudia's public and private defender). You may even smile at Streisand's straining to create another movie metaphor for her own fettered Hollywood eminence. Claudia, like Yentl before her, is a smart, sexy woman whose place of respect the boys in power want to deny. Streisand, who has both power and respect, might be advised to use that leverage on a project less conventional and complacent than this very mixed *Nuts*.

—By Richard Corliss



Dreyfuss and Streisand exchange words: no-risk psychodrama

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